NEW YORK CLIPPER

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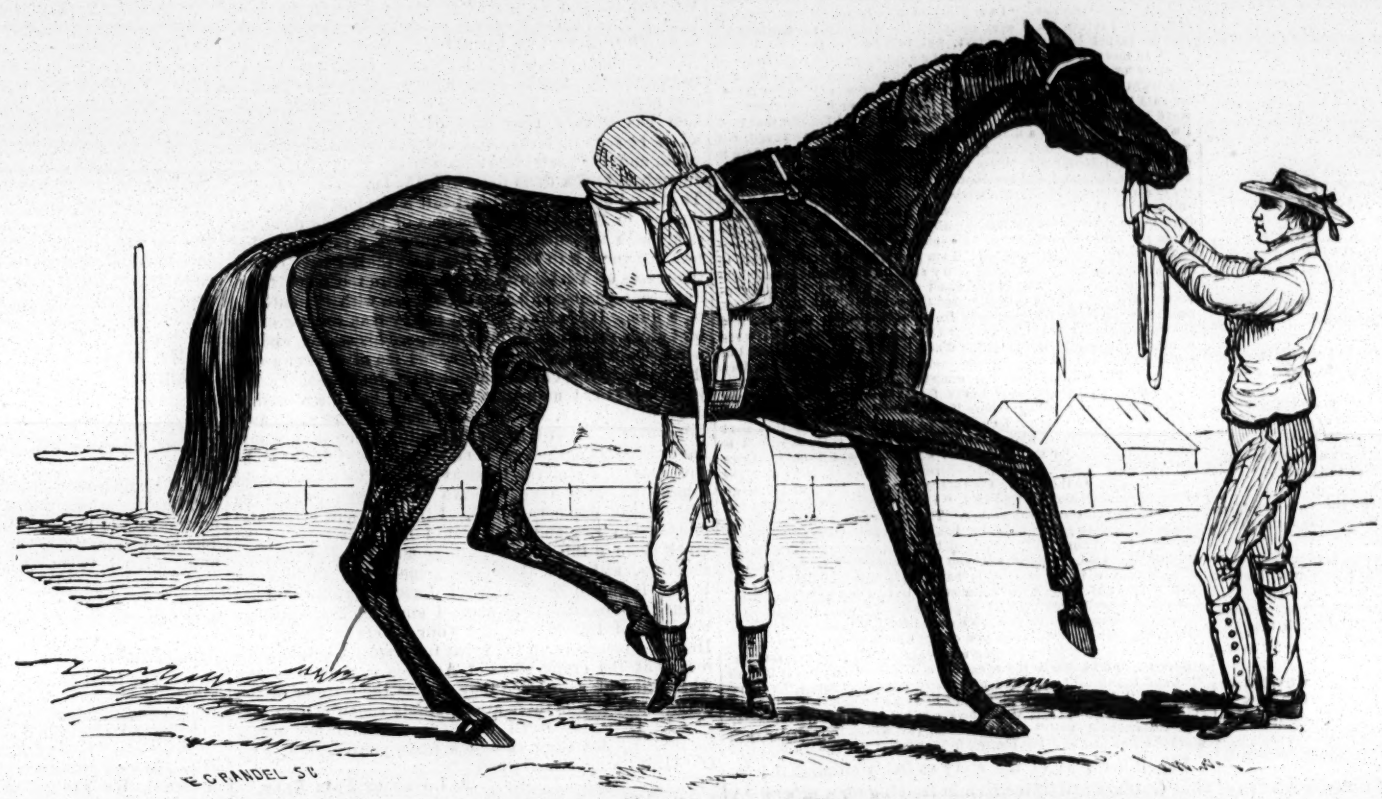
A FEW weeks since we gave an account of a race for the championship of Australia, in which "Veno" and "Alice Hawthorn" were the contestants, the former proving the winner. Through the kindness of a correspondent in New South Wales we have been favored with engravings of the horses as they appeared before the start, and a faithful representation of the finish of the race, with the race course, etc. We give in this issue engravings of the horses, with their performances. In our next will appear the large picture of the race.



"VENO," WINNER OF THE GREAT RACE FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF AUSTRALIA.

"VENO."

VENO, now the property of G. T. Rowe, Esq., of Edensor Park, near Liverpool, was bred by Mr. W. Clarke, of Coolah, in 1849; he is by Waverley, out of Peri by Gratis (imported;) grand dam by old Satellite (imported.) Waverley by St. George, out of Splendora (both imported.)

He is a rich golden chesnut gelding, eight years old, and stands 16 hands high. Without being actually handsome, he does credit in his appearance to his high breeding, and exhibits most of the best points to be found in a race-horse. His clean blood-like head is set on a long though rather light neck, while his shoulders are deep and well let back, and his girth is surprisingly large for a horse of his build. Veno has big hocks and flat legs, that show no sign of all the work he has done, and feet as sound as the day he was foaled. The points in which he is however especially good consist in the great length which he measures from his hip bone to his hock, and in the extraordinary muscular development to be observed in his thighs and arms. It is usual to describe Veno as a bad loined horse, and he certainly would convey this idea to any one standing alongside of him, but it is evident that if he were really deficient in this all-important point, he never could go up and down hill, and through heavy ground in the style in which he does. It is only when on his back, or when looking down from above him, that the size and power of his loin becomes apparent. To a fine temper, Veno unites an excellent constitution, and a capability of standing work, which makes his preparation for a great race anything but a sinecure, either for his trainer or the horses that have to lead him in his gallops. Out of twenty-eight times that he has started, he was first twenty-three times, and second the other five; in fact, he never started in his life without running either first or second, and, as will be seen by our analysis of his performances below, he won in little more than two years £2000 in stakes alone.

The following is a detailed list of his performances:

1855.

In February ran second for the North Richmond Purse of 25 sovs., saving his sweep.

March 17.—Won the Western Road Purse of 30 sovs., mile heats, beating Jim along-Joe and four others.

April 29.—Won the Richmond Purse of 35 sovs, 3 sovs. each added, beating Cooramin and a field of five; heats, mile and a distance. Same day, won the District Purse of 25 sovs., 3 sovs. each added, beating Seducer, Dora, and Planet: one mile and a distance.

May 1.—Same meeting, won the Australian Plate of 75 sovs., beating Cooramin and four others; 2½ miles.

June 12.—At Parramatta, won the Maiden Plate of 60 sovs., with a sweep of 4 sovs. each, beating Black Jack and Jenny Lind, five others being drawn; 1¾ miles.

June 14.—At the same meeting, won the Parramatta Town Plate of 100 sovs., beating Vanguard, Cooramin, Lunelle, and Telegraph, four others being drawn; 3 miles.

August 7.—At Mudgee Races, won the Meroo Purse of 40 sovs., beating Euroka and Bronzewing; 1¼ mile heats, each heat being done in 2 min. 28 sec.

August 9.—At the same meeting, won the Publicans' Purse of 60 sovs., one event, 2 miles, beating Euroka and Dan O'Connell; time, 4 min.

September 27.—Ran second to Vanguard for the United Counties' Purse of 100 sovs., at Camden, 3 miles, receiving 20 sovs. Lieutenant, who pulled up, third.

1856.

May 7.—Ran second to Cooramin for the All-Aged Stakes of 75 sovs., at the Hawkesbury meeting, Venison third.

May 9.—Same meeting, won the Australian Plate of 75 sovs., a handicap, carrying 9st. 9lbs., beating Dora 9st., and eight others with lower weights; 2½ miles.

September 16.—At Liverpool, won the Liverpool Town Plate of 100 sovs., with a sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each added, beating Dora, Cooramin, and Van Tromp; 2¼ miles.

September 18.—Same meeting, won the Railway Cup, value 100 sovs., with 100 sovs. in specie added, beating Cooramin, Ackbar, Little Wonder, and Planet; 3 miles.

October 7.—Won the Members' Purse of 50 sovs., with a sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, beating Teddington; 2½ miles, at the Camden meeting.

October 9.—Same meeting, won the Camden Town Plate of 100 sovs., with a sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each added, carrying 9st. 9lbs., beating Cooramin, 9st. 5lbs.; 3 miles, run in 6 min. 1 sec., and won easily. Same day, ran second to Dora for the Forced Handicap, receiving 10 sovs., 1½ miles; beaten by head and neck only; run in 2 min. 48 sec.; carrying wt. for age, 9st. 9lbs. each.

1857.

Feb. 17.—At the Goulburn Meeting, won the Town Plate of 100 sovs., beating Crab; two mile heats.

February 19.—Same meeting, won the County Stakes of 150 sovs., with a sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each added, beating Tally-ho; 3 miles. Same day, won the Forced Handicap of 30 sovs., with 5 sovs. each added, beating Tally ho; Gratis and Crab paying forfeit.

March 31.—At the Hawkesbury Meeting, won the All-Aged Stakes of 75 sovs., with a sweepstakes of 2 sovs. each added, beating Cooramin; 2 miles and a distance. Same day, won the Richmond Purse of 50 sovs., with a sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each added, beating Stranger, Cooramin, and Lord Raglan.

April 2.—Same meeting, ran second to Wilberforce, carrying 10st., Wilberforce, same age, carrying 8st., for the Australian Plate of 100 sovs., with a sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each added; Cooramin, 8st. 7lbs., Stranger, 8st. 12lbs., and six others starting; Veno receiving 25 sovs.; 3¼ miles.

April 14.—At the Liverpool Autumn Meeting, won the Town Plate, a handicap of 100 sovs., with a sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each added, carrying 9st. 5lbs., Dora 9st., Stranger 8st. 7lbs., Crab 8st. 7lbs, and Lady Julia 7st. 6lbs.; 2½ miles.

May 26.—At Homebush, won the Australian Plate, 100 sovs, with a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each added, beating Planet; Camerton and Cooramin paying forfeit; 2½ miles. Same day, won the Homebush Stakes of 100 sovs., 5 sovs. each added, beating Dora; 1½ miles.

May 28.—Won the Australian Jockey Club Plate of 100 sovs., with a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each added, beating Harkaway, eight others being entered and drawn, two paying forfeit; value of stakes 190 sovs., Harkaway receiving 30 sovs.; 3 miles. Same day, won the Forced Handicap of 30 sovs., with 7 sovs. each added, carrying 9st. 9lbs., beating Cooramin 9st. 2lbs., Dora 9st. 4lbs., Lauristina 7st. 11lbs., and Egg 7st.; 1½ miles.

EPITAPH ON A DOG.

IN MEMORY OF SPOT,

A BEAUTIFUL DOG, WHO DIED MARCH 27, 1855.

"Sic Gloria Transit Mundi."

EVERY DOG must have his day—
He had his, and passed away.
Poor fellow! little had he thought
His dog days were to be so short;
He did not drain life's bitter cup—
Death took him when he was a pup,
And laid him here beneath this sod,
As good a dog as ever trod.
He sought for happiness in vain,
But found all pleasure mixed with pain;
And when his joy gave way to sadness,
He groaned—and his mistress deemed it madness;
He had the stomach ache so bad
He howled, and then they said "He's mad,"
And blamed poor Spotty by mistake,
Because he had the belly ache;
He died without a fault—he left no foes,
And one fierce struggle closed his earthly woes.

DAN DOOLY AT THE CONCERT.

I HEERD that cotton had riz, so I tuck a load to Columby, and when I had got thar I heerd a powerful fuss about "Thalberg's concert," they called it. I had no idee what "Thalberg's concert" war, and bein anxshus to know what it looked like, I left Cotton Town and started down streat to hunt it up. I come to one of the all-firedest biggest houses ever I did see, whar a hull crowd was standin' round. I kinder tuck one of 'em aside, and says I, "Mister, can you tell me whar to find Thalberg's concert?"

"Here; rite here," says he, "jest walk up stairs, and you'll find the elefant in the room to the left."

"Elefant?" says I. "So it's whar they show wild beests, is it, arter all? I wonder what in the name of thunder they'll call it next? First time I ever heerd an elefant called a concert!"

As the people war scrougen me powerful, I thought I'd better start up, but I felt awful skittish of them steps; for, if you'll bleive me, they war jest as full of holes as they could stick. They looked like what the candydates over our way would call, "the used-up shield of bleedin' Cansus." But I war mity keerful, and slept close to the edge whar it was stoutest. I expected the cussed thing to brake down more'n a hundred times, but it war standin' when I left. When I got to the door, a mity perlite man axed me for my ticket.

"Ticket?" says I. "Why, mister, it ain't a 'lexion is it?—cause if it is, I ain't qualerfide to vote—I don't live in this district." He didn't pay no 'tention to what I said, but ansered rite short:

"Well, hand over your dollar and go in."

"Good grashus!" says I, "pay a bull dollar to go in thar? You are jokin', ain't you? Why, I seed an elefant wunce, and didn't give but sevenpense neether."

I seed he was arter cheatin' me, and the way I exposed him riled him, I can tell you. He looked as mad as a muzzled mule in a corn patch, and told me to stan' back and let the ladies pass. I give way to the ladies, (I always does,) and when one what he couldn't see round got between us, I jest went in free gratis for nothin'. I reckin when that lady got out'en the door he was sorter s'prised at not find me thar. Arter I felt shure that the feller at the door warn't comin' to look for me, I held up my hed, an' begun to look about. I thaut it war tu purty a p'ace to keep varmints in. Sum of the lites war hangin' on a little stick from the top of the house—they war strung all around the stick in glass balls, and I puzzled my hed to know how they got in thar. All 'round the wall thar was brass sticks burnin' jest as good as tar literd. They are mity smart people in Columby, for I don't b'lieve anybody else could make brass blaze that ar way. Way up at the fur eend of the room, I seed sumthing like a table, with two grate big things settin' on it, and I swar I couldn't tell wether they war alive or no. They warnt elefants I knowed; but they had thar mouths open and grate rows of teeth shinin', so I knowed they must be sum kind of beests. They war club footed, and looked as shiny as if thar masters had jest greased 'em. Bimby a mity purty young lady cum and sot down close by me. She was drest mity nice, and I couldn't keep from lookin' at her. I seed her keep lookin' down at her feet mity onesy like, and arter a little I looked tu. P-h-e-w! I said, and started like a sky-rocket, for jest as shure as I live thar was a black snake, about half-a-yard long, sorter quiled up at her feet. I s'pose it had got away from the man what kept the elefant and other animated critters. I felt the har on my hed rise up on eend, but it warn't 'cordin' to human natur' to leave a feller-critter in distress. I jest thaut I'd ketch it by the tale and sling it up on the table with them shiny monsters. I fotch it a jerk, but it war no go, for it had quiled up so among the lady's close that it wouldn't let go 'cepting they let go tu. She jumped up and sorter screamed, for human natur' could stan' it no longer. When she jumped up the sarpint slipped outen my hand, and I never laid eyes on it again.

"I'll muve my seat," says she to the feller what come with her; and her voice trembled, for she was dreadful skeered. The man never said nuthin', but helt his hed down, and shuck like he had the third day ager. He war wus skeered than her. I thaut somebody ought to say sumthin' to her, so I said:

"I would, Miss—I'm gwine to muve tu;" and I did.

Just as I sot down, all the people began to stamp down on the floor, as if the man what made the house did not finish the job, but left the nails to be druv in the floor and they war drivin' 'em in with thar shuse. They made sich a dreadful noise, two men cum runnin' out'n a little room back thar and jumped up on the table whar them animals war; I spect they thaut they wur broke luse. One of the fellows sot down by one of 'em and put his hand in its mouth; it did not bite, but I tell you it growled awfully. The other feller stood up thar and sung sumthin' in Dutch, or some other hethin tune. Arter a while, they run back, and just as soon as they left, the people sot up thar noize agin. So out cum one of the fellers, and one of the purtyest young ladys I ever did see. She war all drest up in white, with a big red holyhock on her busim. I thaut sure they war goin' to be married; but they wasn't. He went to playin' with that critter, and she sung sum more Dutch. Bimby two of 'em got to singin' at wunce, and a young feller what sot next to me laffed, and said they went it "a la screech owl and a la bull yearlin'."

"What's they doin', mister?" said I.

"You can look at the programme," sais he, handin' me a strip of paper.

"The pro-what?" sais I. He crumpled the paper up, and said sumthin' about greenhorns. I looked up and thar sot a feller rite before me, (true as gospel,) with a pair of horns groin' over his eyes, but they warn't green tho' they had brass rings round 'em like our old Sook's. I never felt so 'mazed afore in all my born days; presently, he tuck 'em down, and then I found out that he war sbammin' and did not have no horns at all. I told the young chap that the man with horns was a humbug, that I seed him take 'em off. The way that young feller laffed at him was outrajus. I tell you if anybody wur to laff at Dan Dooly that way, they'd feel the wate of his fist.

Bimby one of the fellers cum out and had a regular battle with one of them big-mouthed critters on the table. Another cum out and fiddled fur him, to cheer him on, I reckin. The fiddler handled his bow mity purty. I felt like cuttin' the pigon wing, but I wur feard of that feller at the door. The man what fit with the beest, banged it out soundly. I tell you, he made it rore! I don't think it will be able to eat with them teeth agin. It didn't seem to please the peeple, that he whipped it tho', for they throde bunches of blossoms at him. I s'pose they wur way up thar and couldn't git anything else to chuck him with. But the man what throde the blossoms got shamed of it and sot down as quick, before anybody could see him. They got mad with the fiddler before he was dun and chunked him too.

Sum of them fellers had to stay out thar all the time; jist as soon as they'd leave, the people would make sich a noize they'd have to cum rite back. I seed sum fellers go fast to sleep and the stompin' would wake 'em up, and then they'd stomp louder than anybody else. When the people begun to leave, I cum out mity keerful and made the tallest kind of tracks for Cotton Town. BUNKY.

A GENTLEMAN in conversation with Dr. Johnson, having, to some usual arguments for drinking, added this: "You know, sir, drinking drives away care, and makes us forget whatever is disagreeable; would not you allow a man to drink for this reason? Johnson replied: "Yes, sir, if he sat next *you*."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1858.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOHN BERRY.—The boat race to which you refer, was between a Whitehall boat, and a boat belonging to the British frigate Hussar, then in this harbor. The precise date when the race took place we have not been able to learn, but it was in the latter part of the year 1839. The match was for $1000, and the "Star," the American boat, proved the winner. Of the honorable and friendly manner in which the race was conducted on both sides, and the reciprocal courtesies to which it gave rise, the following little incident may give an idea. After the race, so well pleased was the captain of the British frigate with the fair manner in which the oarsmen of the Star contested the match, that he presented a purse to the crew, containing an American gold piece for each man. Before the intention of the gallant captain was made known to them, however, the crew of the "Star" had endeavored to purchase that boat, with the intention of presenting her to the British officer, but the owners of her, being also desirous of that honor, refused to sell her to the crew, and offered her to the captain themselves, but he politely declined accepting her. The winners of the race subsequently gave an entertainment, to which the entire crew of the British frigate were invited, and at which the utmost good feeling and harmony prevailed. These are all the particulars concerning the match, and its results, that we have been able to obtain.

WM. S. EMPSON, Washington, D. C.—1. Tacony's best time under saddle, was made in a match against Mac, which took place on the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia, June 2, 1853, when Tacony won in 2:28½; 2:28½. 2. On May 12, 1853, over the same course, Mac and Tacony went in harness, when Mac won in 2:30; 2:31½; 2:28. May 20, same year, same course, they went to skeleton wagons, Mac winning in 2:33; 2:39; 2:37½. On November 3d, same year, same track, Mac and Tacony again went to harness, Mac again proving the winner, in 2:32; 2:35; 2:35. November 18, same year, and same track, they went under saddle, when Mac took the first heat, in 2:29½—Tacony won the 2d, 3d, and 4th heats, and the match, in 2:29; 2:30½—last heat, time not recorded.

L. E. PEABY, Concord.—The names Great Eastern and Leviathan refer to one and the same vessel. At first, it was generally supposed that the mammoth steamer would be named the Great Eastern, but on the day set apart for the launch, she was publicly christened, with the usual ceremonies, the Leviathan.

MIKE, Philad'a.—*Cribbage.*—You are correct. There are no more than 29 points in 2 fives, 1 four, and 1 six, with a five turned up. Twenty-nine points are the most that can be held in one hand; consequently, we are at a loss to discover how your friend makes 38 out of the cards mentioned above.

BOWSER, Boston.—All the figuring you can do from now till doomsday, cannot make the Persia a larger vessel than the Adriatic. Our statement, which seems just to have caught your eye, is correct, notwithstanding your assertions to the contrary.

FRED AND ED.—Being under the specified age for foreigners, (20 years.) you are not bound to pay the militia fine. You had better call, however, and state your case to the proper officers. Doubtless the notice will apprise you as to the whereabouts.

SIGNOR PONDI EDGAR,—In reply to a correspondent in our last, says he will teach "Student" how to perform feats of legerdemain, if he will call upon him at 23 Baxter street, any day, between the hours of 12 and 5 o'clock.

R. S., Cleveland.—Louis Baker is at large—on each trial, the jury were unable to agree, and they were discharged; the accused was then released on bail, and still more recently his recognizances were discharged, and he will not likely be troubled again.

P. C., Dubuque.—There are several persons calling themselves Scotty, and we do not know to which one you refer. The name of Scotty, of Brooklyn, is Patrick Brannigan.

READER, Toronto.—James Parker returned from London some time since, in very poor health—he is now residing in this city. A letter addressed to our care will be delivered.

TWO SCHOLARS.—"Please decide the question: had Philadelphia a newspaper before New York?" Yes; the first newspaper in Philadelphia was printed in 1719, the first in New York in 1721.

ISAAC JACKSON, Amsterdam.—Will endeavor to answer you in reference to those cuts (to the point) next week. The Cricket Field is not published yet, we believe.

T. C., Lowell.—Will examine your solution of the liquor problem when we have more leisure, although at present we cannot see where the agent got that 30 cents you refer to.

PETE STEVENS, Hollidaysburg.—Jackson, more familiarly known here as the American Deer, was not born in this country. He is a native of England.

THOMAS BARCLY, Lowell, Mass.—1. Tom Paddock and Harry Broome are natives of England. 2. The Tipton Slasher never fought Bendigo.

J. B. R.—The total expense will be about five dollars, as far as we are able to make the estimate at present.

FRENCH, Boston.—We have been unable to procure the treatise we have been in search of, which will account for its non-appearance.

C. H. B., Milton.—*Bluff.*—The only two certain winning hands in this game are four kings, with an ace, and four aces.

BOB, Middleport.—The fighting weight of the Tipton Slasher is 178 lbs.

CONSTANT READER.—Tom Taylor, the dramatic author, is now living in London.

T. G., Richmond, C. W.—Address as the advertisement directs—we do not keep them.

J. B.—By reference to our sparring department, it will be seen that the Benicia Boy is now in Boston.

H. W., Stamford.—Should anything turn up, we will drop you a line.

JOHN MACKEY.—We have a letter for you, post marked Manchester.

T. C., Cold Water, Mich.—Address Mr. Butler, No. 29 Fulton street.

SOUTH CAROLINIAN.—Poison was the winner of the Oaks in 1843.

NED JAMES.—See elsewhere.

H. Y.—All right. It will appear three times.

☞ A number of other questions will receive attention in our next.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

GAME FOWL.—Boston, March 2, 1858.—MR. QUEEN—*Sir:* I have some Game Fowls which have the "canker" on their bills. What shall I do to cure it? A stag, fought through the *slats* with my old cock, and since then their bills have turned yellow, and the cock has lost his bill entirely, but the stag's bill has partially grown it off—one side of his bill is still affected. I have used, generally, *alum water and vinegar*, which has dried it up, but not cured it. If you, or your correspondents, can give me any information that would be of any importance, you would oblige a constant reader of the CLIPPER. Yours, JAMES OTIS.

A hint through your paper would probably be interesting to many.

A QUESTION IN POGOGRAPHY.—Quebec, March 4, 1858.—FRANK QUEEN: I am proprietor of a remarkably well bred bull bitch. On the 1st of June last, she came in heat, and after a good deal of expense and trouble I had her bred by the best dog in the place, in full confidence of having a first-rate litter of pups. To my great surprise and sorrow, however, when the nine weeks had expired the bitch had no pups, but had missed altogether; and although it is now nine months, since last June, she has not been in heat again, and although in excellent health and condition, manifests no symptom of coming in heat. At present I have another opportunity of putting her to an excellent dog, and would be much gratified to learn any way to bring her in heat. If you or any of your sporting friends could give me any information in this matter, I would consider myself greatly obliged, as I have not much experience. BLUEPALL.

COCKING.—ALABAMA VS. GEORGIA.—The Selma (Ala.) Sentinel of the 23th says, the fifteen fights composing the main which was fought between the Georgians and Alabamians in this city commencing on the 22d inst., closed on yesterday afternoon. The conditions of the main were, we understand, that there were a thousand dollars bet on the main, and $100 on each fight. The Alabamians whipped nine of the fifteen fights, thus winning the main $900. For three days there were crowds of persons in attendance to witness the contest. A large number of what were called "hack fights" came off, but very generally, we believe, the Alabama chickens whipped, thus showing that science and blood will tell. We doubt very much if our Georgia neighbors are very anxious hereafter to test Alabama science or blood either, in the chicken fighting line. We wish them, however, luck next time.

COCKING CHALLENGE.—The undersigned, wishing to test the merits of his game feathers, offers the following weights to any of his neighbors, Syracuse, Binghampton, Rochester, Oswego, Auburn, or to whom it may concern, viz: 2 stags, 4 6; 2 stags, 4 8; 2 stags, 4 14; 1 stag 5 2; 1 cock, 4 13; the acceptor can choose 5 out of the above weights, to fight half way between home and home, for not less than $10 nor more than $50 a side each battle; spurs any length you please; to fight before the first of April. An answer through the CLIPPER, or addressed to the undersigned, will meet immediate attention.
JAMES YOUNGS, Truxton, Cortland County.

COCKING.—CLEVELAND AGAINST DETROIT.—Detroit, March 2.—EDITOR CLIPPER.—Sir: The cocking challenge that appeared in your paper of February 13, from Jacob King, of Cleveland, to the lovers of sport in Detroit, has been accepted by me, and the preliminaries are all settled. I shall expect to see a notice in your paper of this week, stating that Mr. King has made his deposit of one hundred dollars for the main. As soon as I see this, I will forward my one hundred dollars to you forthwith. JAMES REILLY.

P. S.—Both parties agree to stake each $100 in your hands, it being the main stakes.

[We have received $100 from Mr. King.—ED. CLIP.]

PROGRESS OF THE PRIZE-FIGHTING BILL.—The bill for the suppression of prize fighting "without deadly weapons" in this State, passed the Senate on the 8th instant. It will now go to the other House, and will, in all probability, be rushed through.

AWFUL GARDNER AND HIS CONVERSION.—There has been a great deal said during the past week concerning the reported conversion of the pugilist Awful Gardner, at a prayer meeting held in this vicinity. Many believe the report to be without foundation, or, if true, to be merely another "freak of the fancy." We have made inquiries, however, and learn that the statement concerning Gardner's conversion is correct, and that he is now, in reality, a reformed man. The change took place a couple of weeks since in the town of Port Chester, some thirty miles distant from this city, and created an unusual degree of interest in the church. When the news reached this city, some laughed at it, others pronounced it a hoax, but very few believed it; for it was only on the 15th of February that Awful was in this city and gave an exhibition of sparring at No. 76 Prince street. He called upon us in regard to his benefit, and that was the last we saw of him. As it may be interesting to our readers to learn the particulars of Awful's conversion, we append a statement made by Mr. Samuel Halstead, at the Norfolk Street Methodist Church, on Sunday afternoon last. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, the revival now being at its height in this city. After alluding to the fact that Gardner's wife was a Christian woman, and that he had attended upon the revival that was now progressing, and was frequently importuned by her and others to seek salvation and forsake the sinful life he had been leading—Mr. Halstead continued the narrative as follows:

A Christian who had been laboring with him, said: "Now Mr. Gardner, don't you feel as if you ought to change your course of life?" Said he. "I do." "Then," he asked, "why don't you do so?" "Well," said Gardner, "I can't begin now." "Why not now?" "I have some matters in New York to settle up first." "Ah," said the gentleman; "but you had better settle with your Maker first." "Well," said Gardner, "I am going to the city to morrow morning, and when I return I will seek salvation." Well, in the morning he had his carpet bag ready to start, but, said he, "I guess I will wait until to morrow morning," and so he kept on putting it off until to-morrow for a week. The Spirit of God had kept him there. On Friday night he went to the meeting, and while he was there the minister said to him, "Hadn't you better make up your mind to come forward and seek salvation?" "Well," said he, "if I felt like that man I would," referring to a man who showed his desire to be saved, but was not yet converted. "Ah," said brother Gilbert, "your case is more critical than his." "Do you think so?" said he. "Yes, you know your duty and will not do it." Gardner went home that night. "I don't like the remark the minister made," said he, "and I won't stay if he thinks I'm in that condition." His wife said he didn't sleep that night. He twisted and rolled about as if in great distress. He again put off going to the city. He said to another friend, "I am not satisfied with the life I have led. I am going, by the grace of God, to change my course; I am going to try and be a different man." On Wednesday he came forward and knelt down, but he didn't get converted then. He didn't get converted the next day, and in the meantime the members had begun to frown at the sinful men who had known him, and who came and filled the gallery, saying, "Let's see what's going on." But he didn't flinch. He knelt at the altar, but again he was not converted. He said to the minister, "What does this mean?" "Ah," said the minister, "God means to give you such a struggle that you will never forget it. He means to use you as a means of converting others." On Monday afternoon they got him into a private house. He prayed so that nearly all of that part of the town gathered about the house. "What is that?" "It is Gardner praying for mercy." That was good—was it not? (Cries of "Amen.") I hope to God some here will pray. On Monday night he went again to the altar. On Tuesday he said, "I have got to go to White Plains," and a friend said, "I will go with you," and he put up his horse and they left together. They talked on without knowing where they were going, until he hauled the horse upon one side of the road, and shouted out, "hallelujah." All at once the devil came to him and said, "What are you doing—praising God—a man as wicked as you have been—you have made a mistake." Gardner said he thought he had made a mistake, but he came to the church, and while kneeling, the clouds began to dispel, and a bright light surrounded him; soon he took his handkerchief, and covered his eyes. Said the minister, "What are you doing, Gardner?" "Why," said he, "there is such glory shining all around me, I thought it must be a mistake, and I covered my eyes to see if I could see it yet; it is all light and beautiful." (Sensation and loud cries of "Amen," "Glory be to God," &c.) On Thursday night he came up and said, "I have got religion—I thought it would be good; but it is a great deal better than I thought it was." If we live for two weeks from to-day, you will hear him talk of Jesus himself in the 17th street Church.

The other part of the story so freely circulated here that Gardner had three men in training for a prize fight at the time of his conversion, is incorrect—he had no one in training, there being no match going on in this vicinity at present. It is already said that Gardner will not dare visit this city, for fear of being taunted, etc., by those with whom he formerly associated. We do not believe a word of it—if Mr. Gardner sees fit to form new associates, and lead a different life to that he has been leading, depend upon it his old companions will not molest him in any way. Some of them, we know, have advised him to change his conduct, time and time again, for Gardner was a troublesome customer to both friend and foe, when he took a notion. It is a satisfaction, therefore, to know that the reform our sporting friends failed to effect, has been brought about through other sources.

P.S.—TUESDAY, P. M.—We have just had a visit from a friend of the family, who states that the above is correct. Orville, and his brother Howell, were converted in Port Chester, and four other brothers, Charles D., better known as "Pitchin," Elijah, Frederick, and John, were converted in Newark, and have joined the Franklin street church in that city, where 600 persons have been converted in four months.

WAR AGAINST DOGS.—They have commenced a war of extermination against dogs in Buffalo, but in a manner that brings to mind again the atrocities committed by the brutal Sepoys in India. A correspondent, in Buffalo, says that men are appointed to butcher the dogs, and the manner they perform the duties of their office is cruel in the extreme. He says that he saw a dog in the street the other day, whose head had been partially shot off—he was left where he was shot, and lingered in agony for some time after. Others have been left in the streets horribly mangled, the wretches appointed to kill them only half finishing their work. Valuable dogs, some of them chained on their owners' premises, have been poisoned by these freebooters, under authority of the law, and by command, as they say, of the chief magistrate of the city. Poisoned cakes have been left in prominent places where children are as liable to get hold of them, as are the dogs. The press of that city takes sides with the mayor, and exults over the mangled remains of "poor dog Tray." Is this one of the effects of the movement in the Legislature of this State against dogs? Are we to have the like *attempted* in this city? If yea, then there may be "mangling" of another character, and the dog butchers and their masters will have to look to their ears.

PRESERVATION OF GAME.—The Philadelphia Association gives notice that the Act of April, 1760, which prohibits the killing and sale of Venison, after the 1st of January, will be strictly enforced. The penalty is £3 in each case, and the Act provides that "*every person in whose custody is found, or who shall expose for sale any fresh Venison,*" shall be liable to such penalty. The Association for the protection of game, give notice that they will, hereafter, stringently enforce the penalty for the violation of the above law.

THE LONDON RING.—There are two matches now progressing in London, which promise to excite unusual interest among lovers of the fistic art. The first of these is that between Johnny Walker, (a celebrated boxer, well known in this country from his residence in this city and Philadelphia,) and Bob Travers, the black, recently defeated by Bob Brettle. The other match is that for the Championship, between Tom Sayers, the present Champion, and Tom Paddock. These two events will be looked forward to in this country with greater interest than any battle that has taken place in the London Ring of late years. Another match is spoken of, although we had no idea that one of the parties designed entering the Prize Ring again after his recent easy defeat by the Champion. The parties to this proposed match are Bill Benjamin, (the recent competitor of Tom Sayers,) and Harry Broome, who brought Benjamin out on that occasion. A stormy controversy having arisen between these two, Benjamin offered to meet Harry in the Prize Ring, for a good stake—Harry responded, and put up a forfeit. No one hardly thought Benjamin would cover it, but he did, and it is probable that the match will now go on in regular order. So there will be great times in the London Ring.

ENGLISH SPORTSMEN.—Philadelphia, Feb. 28.—EDITOR CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* In your last number of the CLIPPER is an article headed "English Sportsmen," from which I infer that the writer of the selected portions and he that selected them are both Yankees; and as the press is free in this country, a man can say what he thinks, but thinking and guessing, and sitting by the fire, cannot drive them away till their shins are as brown as the corn cakes down south. That is too much the case in this country with some men that call themselves sportsmen. Now, Mr. Editor, you have read of the gunners in England, both at the trap and on moors, and what is your judgment of them? You know that the sportsman of England, let him follow what kind of sport he may, will do it in a sportsman-like manner, if it be but for the small sum of a shilling. The selecter of the paragraph in question has a very poor idea of the game in England when he says that the hares can hardly be kicked into a walk, and the partridges stop till the Nimrods are near enough to knock them over with the butt-end of the gun. That kind of sport would just suit a Yankee, but he must not go to England with the idea of knocking down the game with the butt-end of the gun. I, myself, have had practice enough to know better than that; I have ranged the moors of Yorkshire and Lancashire too much to believe that game can be knocked down with the butt-end of a gun. It is of no interest to any man to brag of the best day's shooting; he must compare his season, and see what the average is. It reminds me of a young man that came to this country about three years ago; the first year he did not make out very well, but the second he did a little better, and the first month that he made anything over his board, he wrote a letter home that would have filled two sides of a newspaper, stating what he could make in a month by weaving; and then he thought himself as big as a negro down south when he gets the first mess of pop-corn boiled. I think I know of several gunners in England that would laugh at some of the crack shots in this country, on the moors and at the trap shooting, although there are some crack shots here. Praise is due to Mr. Taylor, of Jersey City, for he tries to instruct minors all he can. I am a lover of sporting myself, and I expect to join your lovers of the trap in Hoboken meadows, in the great tournament, and hope to see what the crack shots of America can do, and see what kind of sportsmen they are, as the selecter of the paragraphs thinks there are no manly sportsmen in England. Give the devil his due. England for manly sports. By inserting these few lines, you will oblige an Old Country sportsman, and

A LOVER OF FAIR PLAY.

[Our old country friend will thus see that he has his full say "in this free country," even to the disparagement of us Yankees. There are good, bad, and indifferent sportsmen in England, in America, everywhere. We have chronicled several extraordinary shooting feats performed in England by natives of that country, and we have recorded equally marvellous performances with the trigger in this country, by native-born Americans. We are all grafted on the same stock, and why not strive to do equal honor to the parent stem. To be sure, we, in America, are yet young in the knowledge and practice of all those healthful and manly exercises, whether by flood or field, which our neighbors on the other side have made their study for many, many years; still, we begin to show that we are a "chip from the old block," and will do no discredit to that block. In another column, may be seen the record of a shooting match which took place on the 6th, between Messrs. John Cornell and Oscar Sandford. Our old country friend will perceive that Cornell promises well with the trigger, albeit he *is* a Yankee.—ED. CLIP.]

YARN ABOUT LEATHER.—Albany, New York, March 6, 1858.—MY DEAR CLIPPER—I read your CLIPPER weekly, and enjoy myself very much over the many good stories therein contained. I am particularly fond of a good story, though I could never tell one, except of a *doubtful* kind. For fear that the following may be lost to the world, I venture to give it. You may rig it up in proper clothes, and send it forth to your jolly readers.

Having occasion to visit a country-place, about eight miles distant from this city, in one of the coldest days of the late cold snap, and there being no stopping-place to "warm up" at, on the road, I was nearly frozen on my arrival at the only bar-room the village afforded; and I assure you I was not very particular as to *how* I got a place by the stove. My feet particularly—which were encased in a very pretty pair of *Patent-Leathers*—required a deal of toasting before they became comfortable.

An old farmer sitting near the stove, who had been eyeing me for some time as though he had a great weight on his mind, at last burst out with:

"I say, stranger, you wouldn't have such cold feet if you'd wear boots big enough for your feet!"

I allowed I was not one of those persons who wished to get a *whole side of leather for five dollars*, at the same time casting a malicious glance at the old farmer's well-greased "trunks."

"Nor I nuther," said the old cock, "but I don't believe in a feller crowdin' a half-bushel of feet inter a peck of boots, by a darn'd sight!" I VAMOSED.

THE WEIGHT PULLING FEAT.—New York, N. Y., March 6, 1858.—*Dear Sir*—Having seen a notice in your last week's CLIPPER of a letter received by you from a "Gothamite," of Chicago, with an account of the great feat of strength and durability performed by H. G. Ottignon. I beg leave to say that I will pull 28lb.-weights against time with Mr. Ottignon, in any way he wishes, for the sum of $200—to come off in New York or Chicago. If this challenge should meet the approval of Mr. Ottignon, he will please make it known through the columns of the CLIPPER at the earliest day possible. DUSTY.

[The name of the party challenging is in our possession.—EDITOR CLIPPER.]

WRESTLING CHALLENGE.—I, John Trainer, propose to wrestle any man, not exceeding 11st. 8lbs., in the city of New York, for from $50 to $500, give or take 5lbs. Man and money ready at OWEN REYNOLDS, cor. Willett and Delancy streets, N. Y.

PEDESTRIANISM.

THE PLANK FEAT.—We announced last week that we had received $25 from Fisher Clifford, a pedestrian in Boston, who challenged to walk any man on the plank. Before any pedestrian had time to answer the challenge, Mr. Clifford sent us another letter, requesting us to forward him the $25, inasmuch as he had matched with James Lambert. We had hoped, (inasmuch as there is much difference of opinion in regard to this feat,) that Mr. Clifford's proposal would have brought about a match that would have decided this question in a fair and straightforward manner, but we cannot refrain from surmising, from the haste with which Mr. Clifford recalls his forfeit, that the plank feat is to be again performed in the usual style. We have received no letter of acceptance from Mr. Lambert, although Mr. Clifford sends us a copy of articles of agreement, which, for prudential reasons, we do not think it worth while to publish. We have forwarded Mr. Clifford his $25.

YOUNG SPORT, THE PEDESTRIAN.—Young Sport wishes us to announce to the public and his many friends that he will give an exhibition of pedestrianism on Wednesday evening, March 17, at the National Circus, 84 Bowery, on which occasion he will present three goblets as prizes; one to the winner of a race of two miles, one to the winner of a race of one mile, and one to the winner in 15 times round the ring; said races to be free to all. Persons wishing to enter for either or all of them can do so by applying at the CLIPPER office previous to the day of running. In addition to the above attractions, he has secured the services of the Harrison Opera Troupe. There will also be interesting trial dances between some of the best dancers of this city. Doors open at 7 o'clock; performances to commence at 8 P.M. Tickets 25 cents, to be had at the door on the evening of the entertainment.

ADAMS REPLIES.—Pedestrian Shades, No. 70 White street, New York, March 9, 1858.—FRANK QUEEN—*Sir:* Having seen a paragraph in your paper of last week in respect to the walking match at the Red House, in which John Grindell is said to have defeated me. In the first place I put up my silver cup merely to patronise the sport, and to be given to the party who should beat me a fair heel and toe walk, but that John Grindell kept at an unfair gait was evident to any one who could discriminate between walking and running; and as to my style of walking it never has been objected to; and to satisfy Mr. Grindell or his friends, I will walk him four miles, and give him 100 yards start, or any other man in the States, and give them 100 yards start, or 1 minute start in 7 miles, for $500 or $1,000, in ten weeks from the first deposit; or, I will match myself to walk the feat of 1500 miles, in 1000 hours, for $1,000. Man and money ready at the above address. By inserting the above, you will much oblige, Yours respectfully, JAMES ADAMS.

[Mr. Adams has left $25 with us as an earnest of his intentions in giving the above challenge.—ED. CLIP.]

PEDESTRIAN FEAT.—Selah Randall, of Westfield, Massachusetts, has won a wager of $55, by walking to Windsor Locks and drawing back to Westfield in a hand cart which he took with him, 100 pounds of warp thread, performing the whole distance in 11 hours and 34 minutes, on the 24th of February, and having 44 minutes to spare. The bet originated in the inconvenience of railroad communication between the two places, Randall declaring that he could get the thread for Whipple & Hamilton, who wanted it, quicker than the railroads. He was escorted into town by about 500 citizens, who cheered him lustily for his pluck, but he lost a side bet of $10 that he would perform the last three-and-a-half miles in forty-five minutes. The total distance is said to be thirty-six miles.

ANSWER TO BUCKLEY.—Portland, March 6th.—In looking over last week's CLIPPER, we notice a challenge from P. J. Buckley to walk any man 100 hours without rest or sleep. We are satisfied that Lambert is a match for him, and are willing to back him for from $1,000 to $2,000. If Mr. Buckley *means* walk, a match can be made at the Exchange Coffee House, under the following conditions: each plank shall be roped around; neither man shall carry a cane or stick of any kind, nor shall change any portion of his wearing apparal from the time he mounts the plank until he leaves it. Or we will back him for $500 to run Mr. Buckley 150 yards. The match to come off in this city. A letter addressed to Wm. C. Dole, or Moses Avery, will meet with instant attention.

PICKING UP POTATOES.—Pokeepsie, March 6.—We had quite an excitement here on the 3d in regard to a bet that Mr. James B. Rensley made some six weeks ago; he made a bet that Edmond P. Taylor would not be elected Chief Engineer of Pokeepsie, and stated, that if he was elected that he, Rensley, would be bound to pick up 100 potatoes, three feet a part, and place them one at a time in the basket, the basket to be placed three feet from the first potatoe, and all to be carried one at a time and deposited in the basket inside of one hour, under a forfeit of $5. It fell to Mr. Rensley's lot, to perform the feat, which he accomplished in 43 minutes and 32 seconds. There were over 2,000 people in attendance.
NATHANIEL PALMER.

WHY IS IT?—Although the Lynn Buck challenged in our last to walk any man on the plank, yet he has failed to take notice of the challenge of Fisher Clifford, who forwarded $25 to us to make a match. What's the trouble?

THE PLANK FEAT.—There is but little doing in Buffalo, just now, in the way of sports. There have been two walking matches said to be for 100 hours each, but in the first the parties got to loggerheads and split upon each other, so that the second one created no excitement whatever.

FLORA TEMPLE accomplished the feat of walking fifty hours on the plank, without rest or sleep at Ware's Hall, in Portland, Maine, on Friday night, March 5, at nine o'clock. W. C. Dole and Young Country McCluskey officiated as watchmen—Joseph Sprague as M. D.

CARR AND PERRY.—A foot race came off between Perry and Carr, at the Wheat-Sheaf Tavern, on the Bustleton Pike, above Philadelphia, on Thursday, March 4th. The distance run was 60 yards, for $100 a side. Carr came in three feet ahead, and was declared the winner.

CRICKET.

THE AMSTERDAM CLUB, New York, will hold their meeting for the election of officers, on the first Thursday in April. We have been informed that the residents in that region invariably vote for General Jackson, no matter what the occasion may be; such being the case, we venture the opinion that he will again occupy the Presidential Chair of their cricket Club. They intend increasing their match list this season, and are looking forward for a grand time, with a fair share of success. "So mote it be."

THE LONG ISLAND CLUB met to regale themselves over the festive board, on Monday evening, 8th instant, at the house of one of their members, Mr. Samuel Parker. We thank them for their cordial invitation to us to be present, which we certainly should have done, but for the severity of the storm.

THE RING.

A CHALLENGE ANSWERED.—Drummondville, C. W., March 1, 1858.—ED. CLIPPER—In your last publication I saw a challenge to me from Mr. Carroll, of London, C. W., stating that I had been blowing about him. Perhaps he is more addicted to that game than I am, as I can assure you I have never spoken a disrespectful word of him or any other gentleman of the above-mentioned place; but I suppose, knowing I was under the doctor's hands for injury sustained to my eye, he wishes to take advantage of me, and obtain a name in the P. R., or whether he has heard that I said I would never fight again if it could be avoided. I would have answered this sooner had I not wanted to see some friends on the subject who I have since met, and who have consented to back me to the amount of two or three hundred dollars, providing Carroll will reduce himself to my weight, which is 124 lbs. I would not have been so particular as to *his weight*, had not my eye been injured. Should this suit, the match will go on immediately—the fight to come off two months from the first deposit, in Canada, and within twenty miles of Buffalo. If Mr. C. will not comply with these terms, I shall notice no more challenges, as I am about to enter into other business.

Mr. Editor, I feel it my duty to return my sincere thanks to several well known gentlemen in London, C. W., for their friendly treatment to me during my illness.

Yours respectfully, JOHNNY SWEETMAN.

ANOTHER BATTLE ON BOARD SHIP.—U. S. Ship Pennsylvania, Feb. 28, 1858.—FRIEND CLIPPER—Reading an account of a little turn-up on board the receiving ship Ohio lately, I thought that a little account of one on board our ship might not be amiss. It appears that two of our blue jackets have had some little musses lately, and been disturbed in their recreation by the officers of the ship. On Saturday, after due consideration of their several wrongs, they agreed to settle their little difficulties by an appeal to the muscle—*a la* Congress fashion—that very evening. Accordingly, when hammocks were piped down, the two belligerents, whose respective names are James Chaney and John Duff, (the former weighing 140 lbs., the latter 180 lbs.,) remained below, where a ring was promptly formed by the excited spectators, and the battle begun.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Chaney took the initiative, and led off with his right, which was neatly stopped by Duff, but he got one in, however, on Duff's potatoe trap, drawing first blood; also winning first knock down blow.

2. Duff rather puffy, but he rushed gally in, and delivered one, two, on left peeper—a close, and Duff thrown with force to the deck.

3. Duff groggy—one of Chaney's peepers closed—Duff tried his one, two again, but was neatly stopped; another close, both down side by side.

4. Duff a little more steady—his one, two was tried on Chaney's ribs this time, but he received a smasher on the side of his head, knocking him clean off his pins.

5 to 12, and last. It was evident that it was all day with Duff—he was so weak he could hardly stand, and upon his facing the music, Chaney easily shoved him down, whereupon his seconds, Tom Hamilton and Buck Horney, gave in for him. Thus science has proved, once more, superior to brute strength, and so it always will.

BELLE RUFFIAN.

NOT FAIR PUGILISM.—Brooklyn, New York, March 5, 1858.—MR. FRANK QUEEN—*Dear Sir*—Allow me to intrude on your valuable time and space, to give you an out-line description of a brutal affair that happened in this—the "City of Churches"—last Monday night: also allow me to ask if you class such men, (as appeared as principals in the affair,) among "Prize Fighters," or "Professors of the Manly Art of Self-Defence." Rather should they be styled cowardly assailants—they have the reputation of being such in Brooklyn. If they hear of a person being smart, they will lay for him, and only when they have got a sure thing they will tackle him; but they did not make three dead-heats this time.

A gentleman went into the house of Mr. George Pell, at the time above mentioned, and while there were brutally assaulted by two would-be fighters, known as Scotty, of Brooklyn, and McCauley, without any provocation whatever; unless, as I said before, they knew he was smart, and that a fair encounter would not prove profitable to them. These two bullies kicked and beat him with the intention, as I think, of killing him. Now, is there anything manly in that? I don't ask because I have any doubts as regards your opinion, because "Fair Play" is always predominant in your weekly sheet, (CLIPPER,) therefore I am sure you will condemn such brutality.

I am no "Prize Fighter" myself, although I admire and prefer the "Prize Ring" or a fistic encounter, (to settle a dispute,) to knives or shooting-irons; still, I can hardly censure a man for freely using either when he is thus assaulted. Such men as Scotty, of Brooklyn, and McCauley, are a disgrace to the profession, and it is time they found out that going around in public houses, as they do, take a drink, and then turning around and beating any one who may happen to be in the house, is played out.

This is plain talking, and to the point; and if Mr. Scotty, of Brooklyn, should feel offended, a note addressed to me will meet with prompt attention. R. G. THOMAS,

Brooklyn Post Office

[We know nothing further concerning the above than what is stated by our correspondent. We give his letter a place in our columns, as we have no disposition to screen any party who may be engaged in such affairs. We trust, however, that our correspondent has been misinformed.—EDITOR CLIPPER.]

THE BOSTON BUCK.—There is a young man known by the name of "Boston Buck," in this city, who represents himself to be a fighter. Now, I do not profess to be a fighter, but I will fight the Boston Buck for from $200 to $1000, in a 24 foot ring, a fair stand up fight, the editor of the N. Y. CLIPPER to be the stakeholder. If the Boston Buck thinks the sum too large or too small, I will fight him for any amount he wishes to name. I shall expect an answer in your next. If he does not accept the challenge, he had better stop talking about fighting except where he is not known. A. M. BRUNDAGE.

P. S.—Man and money ready at 145 Washington street, corner of Cedar, New York.

WHERE'S MORTON?—Philadelphia, March 8.—Arther Nugent, South street milkman, hearing that James Morton, alias Good Will Cocky, has been blowing in divers places how soon he could whip me, I am now quite willing to make a match to fight him for $100 or $200 a side. Man and money ready at Dominick Bradley's, any night next week. ARTHER NUGENT.

SPARRING.

A SPARRING EXHIBITION for the benefit of Jack McEwen and Charley Esty was given at the Bleecker Building, on the 25th ult. The first set-to was between Young Murphy and McCabe, which did credit to both master and pupil. Next on the floor came Crow and Barber; the former was talked of as a match for the Benecia Boy. Tom McMann and Dick Wolan now appeared; several hard blows were exchanged, and some considerable science displayed. Mike McKenna then favored the audience with an excellent dance. Next was a spirited set-to between Young Ranney and McCabe; then followed a well contested match between Jim Coburn and Bob Love, in which give and take was the order of the day. Shortee and Garry Kayton next followed suit; this set-to was suddenly brought to a close by Kayton tapping Shortee on the smeller and drawing the claret. Jim Gillen and Jim Armstrong now appeared, this being Gillen's first appearance with the mits in public; Armstrong, who is an old stager, appeared to be confident of an easy victory, but Gillen got in two or three rapid blows in succession, which took Armstrong by surprise, convincing him that he had no mean opponent to battle with; he aimed several well-intended body blows at Gillen, which, however, fell far short of their mark; this was acknowledged by all to have been the set-to of the evening. Young Gillen and Lanney then came to time, and won the admiration of all present by their manly display of the fistic art. Several other fistics of minor note amused themselves and the audience by knocking each other around for a few moments at a time. The only one worthy of note was between Young McGuire and the Cricket; this was a lively affair and called forth rounds of applause. The wind-up was between Jack McEwen and Johnny Lockery, and was no mean conclusion of the evening's sports. Mr. Gillen then returned thanks to the audience for their attendance; the company then dispersed, satisfied that they had witnessed the best exhibition given up-town this season.

THE BENICIA BOY IN BOSTON.—The Benicia Boy is now in Boston where he has gained many friends, and they are determined to give him a benefit before he leaves. The Benicia Boy has challenged Wood to appear, and set-to with him on the evening of his benefit, and Woods has accepted, and says he will meet him, and see who is the better man. He will also be assisted by Prof. W. G. Taylor, who will act as Master of Ceremonies, and who is doing every thing in his power to make it one of the best exhibitions ever given in that city. He will be assisted by Joe Coburn, of New York; and Slasher Slack, of Boston; Wm. Evans, Barney Ford, Finegass, Careless Boy, Young Colburt, Joe South; and a host of other good sparrers. There is considerable excitement in Boston in regard to the expected set-to between the Benicia Boy and Woods, of Boston, as Woods' friends think him one of the best men in the country. Both are large and powerful men, and there will be some hard hitting. This grand exhibition will take place on Monday evening next, March 15th, at the Melodeon, in Washington street. Give the young Californian a bumper, for he is a gentlemanly boxer, and deserving of support.

SPARRING AND WRESTLING.—An exhibition of sparring and wrestling took place in Hamilton, Canada West, last week, which afforded considerable amusement to the fancy. The wrestling match was between William Irving, *alias* Ned Wallace, and William Robinson, of New York, for $100 a side. It was splendidly contested for one hour, at the end of which time Irving threw his opponent in beautiful style, thus winning the match. After the wrestling, a number of boxers appeared, and gave several fine sets-to. Among these were John Martindale and Irving, James Foster and William Baxter, Robert Douglas and William Conley, and numerous others. The wind-up was between Irving and Foster, and was well received by the spectators. Irving has since left for Toronto, where he will be prepared to make a match with Codey, at the house of Mr. William Monkhouse, Toronto.

CROW'S BENEFIT.—A grand display of the fistic art took place at Spring Street Hall, on Wednesday evening, March 3, for the benefit of Mike Norton, alias Crow. He was ably assisted by the following gentlemen:—Shorty, of Clinton Market, and McCabe, of New York; Joe Brown, of New York, and Bob Jenkins, of Liverpool; Buckeye Boy, and Sam Freeman; Jack Ayers, of London, and Cheap Joe, of Clinton Market; Young Tovie, of Clinton Market, and Young Shiner, of Liverpool; Roby Love and Frank Hughes; Young Coeburn and McCarthy; Young Duffy and Young Alick; Bob Wheeler, of Clinton Market, and Crow, of Clinton Market.

SPARRING IN PHILADELPHIA.—Scotty, of Philadelphia, who is about to locate himself in the west, will give an exhibition of boxing previous to his departure, at Franklin Hall, Sixth street below Arch, Philadelphia, on Monday evening next, March 15th. A little assistance in the way of patronage will go a great way towards helping the young man a great way, and, as he has aided others, it is expected that all who can will render their assistance at the exhibition.

BOXING IN CINCINNATI.—An exhibition was given, a few days' since, at Mr. Hinghouse's, Rittenhouse street, Cincinnati. Those who set-to on the occasion were Fred Strauker, or Fiddler, and Henry Soloman; principally in favor of the former; Edson Kendall, and Soloman; Louis and Chriss Sandesky; Fred Laufersick and Henry Graff; Fred Strauker and Louis Sandesky. There seems to have been a scarcity of sparrers.

CON QUINN'S BENEFIT.—Con Quinn will give a sparring exhibition at the New Hall, corner of Twenty-First and Market streets, Philadelphia, on Tuesday evening next, March 16th, when he will be assisted by some of the best men in Philadelphia. Admission, twenty-five cents.

TOM O'DONNELL'S EXHIBITION.—Our friends should not forget the sparring exhibition for the benefit of Tom O'Donnell, which takes place at Montgomery Hall, No. 76 Prince street, on Wednesday evening, (this) March 10. O'Donnell became popular here and elsewhere through his close connection with the great Hyer and Sullivan fight. He is an excellent boxer, and will endeavor to give satisfaction on the occasion of his benefit.

BOXING IN WILMINGTON.—A testimonial benefit is to be given to Morris Moran, in Wilmington, Del., on Saturday evening, 13th inst., when, in addition to the talent of that city, several big guns from Philadelphia will take part. It will no doubt be well attended.

TROTTING ON THE ICE.—Dubuque, Iowa, February 26, 1858.—FRIEND QUEEN—I send you an account of a trot which came off to-day on the ice, about two miles above the city, between Mr. Avery's spotted horse, Butcher Boy, and Mr. Stephenson's bay horse, Tipton Slasher; Avery's horse going in a cutter, and Stephenson's horse to a skeleton wagon; mile heats, best three in five, for $100 a side. The ice was in fine condition, and everything seemed to promise a sharp contest. Time was called, and the word being given to go, both horses got away in fine style, the bay horse, if anything, a little ahead; the driver of the Butcher Boy, however, set up a most horrible yell, which served to set the Tipton Slasher into a run, and, becoming unmanagable, the Butcher Boy won the heat. Time, 2:44. The next heat was also won by the Butcher Boy, the Slasher completely running away with his driver. Time, 2:50. Betting now stood $10 to a glass of Lager in favor of the Butcher Boy, who won the next heat and the race in 2:51½. Much dissatisfaction was manifested by the knowing ones at the termination of the race, as it was expected by them that the bay horse was sure to win, and we think, had any one but Ruben driven, such would have been the case.

SUMMARY.

TROTTING—Mile heats—best 3 in 5.

Mr. Avery's Butcher Boy	1 1 1
Mr. Stevenson's Tipton Slasher	2 2 dis

Time, 2:44; 2:50; 2:51½.

SHAWNUT.

HAND BALL.—A match game of hand ball is to come off at the Ball Court of Mr. McDonough, in Sixth street, Philadelphia, on Monday next, 15th instant, between Messrs. Cummins & Son, and J. McDonough & Nephew, for $100—the best three out of five games.

After this match, another will take place at the same Court, between Charles Sigmund and two other well-known players.

CANINE.

The Fancy in Dubuque—Great Fight between "Boston Jack" and Pincher, of Dubuque—Pincher Victorious—Length of Fight, Thirty Minutes—Pincher Challenges any Dog of his age and size in the United States.

DUBUQUE, Iowa, March 2, 1858.

DEAR CLIPPER: Knowing your keen relish for fun, sports of the ring, turf, &c., and anxious that your numerous readers in the East should be posted in regard to what is going on on this side of the Great Mississippi, I feel it my duty as a constant reader of your valued paper to present you with all items of fun transpiring in this the Queen City of the North West. It is not for a moment to be supposed, that, because we are so far distant from the Great Metropolis of the States, we are as far removed from its fashions, its sports, in fine every thing which goes to make up the summum bonum of your modern Gothamite. If you could take a drive some pleasant afternoon upon our principal thoroughfares and see our gorgeously decked Eves, promenading, coqueting and flirting with the sterner sex, and compare the superabundant false with the infinitessimal real, you could easily prognose the end and aim of society here, the same as in your own city. In fact we are but a counterfeit of yourselves, but unlike most counterfeits, the product of consummate artistic skill—the base outshining the true metal. But pardon the digression; it was not my intention to spare so much space to so hackneyed a subject. My principal purpose is to post you concerning the first prize dog fight which recently came off in this city, and truly seems but the beginning of this kind of sport, if I can judge correctly. A few days since, it was announced that the celebrated fighting dog "Boston Jack" had made his appearance in town, supported by a gentleman well known and highly esteemed in that vicinity; and soon it became noised abroad among the fancy, who were all eagerness to try his metal with one "Pincher," a canine of no mean pretentions, and a resident of Dubuque. In due course of time, all the arrangements were completed, the stakes, $50 a side, deposited, and at a certain hour their canineships were summoned for the combat. At 10 o'clock, a crowd began collecting about the livery stable of a certain sport fancier, and preparations were busily on foot for the beginning of the fight, but just as the preliminaries were concluded, one of the order of the P. O. interfered and threatened arrest to all parties either directly or indirectly concerned in the misdemeanor. Accordingly, word was passed around to adjourn to the end of the plank road, just without the city limits, and now ensued a scramble for the various liveries, private and public turn-outs, omnibusses, buggies; in fact, every available vehicle was in requisition to bear their enthusiastic cargoes to the spot where the redoubtable "Jack" was to meet in deadly hate his canine brother. In common with the rest we hitched up our team, and off we started for the battle ground. Arriving at the end of the plank road, we observed that the arrangements were completed, and only awaited the champions. We gathered close to the ring and listened to the varied and conflicting opinions of the crowd. "Jack will eat him up in three minutes," says one; "$10 on Boston Jack," cried another; "$5 I can name the winner," shouted a third: in fact, it was a glorious time for the Boston favorite; but, like all other glories, it was destined soon to fade, as the sequel will prove. In a few minutes the dogs entered, each led by his backer—Sam Cox, the king of the turf, and the prince of good fellows, leading "Boston Jack;" and Patrick Sutton, the owner and backer, leading his favorite "Pincher." Both seemed eager for the fight, and, at the word, at it they went, "Jack" seizing his antagonist by the throat, and both down, Jack under—on they fought, now this one, now the other down. In about fifteen minutes it was easily seen it was all up with Jack, and Pincher fighting like an infuriated tiger; at the expiration of 30 minutes they were parted, sponged, &c. Bringing them to the score, at the word, Pincher, like a lion, sprang forward, while Boston Jack, not relishing his opponent's ivories, dropped tail and turned with disgust from his formidable rival. Now shout after shout rent the air, as the sons of Erin gathered around their favorite—and thus has Dubuque gained a brilliant canine victory over her more opulent and populous sister, Boston. *On dit*—we hear, since the termination of the fight, the owner of Pincher will match him against any dog in the United States of the same age and weight. Pincher's age is 14 months; weight, 35 lbs. If anything further turns up, you may (if desirable) expect to receive another letter from your friend, PALO ALTO.

P. S.—Can you inform me whether the dog now in Dubuque is the veritable "Boston Jack," or not? There appears to be some doubt on the subject, and an answer will oblige many friends.

A RAT MATCH came off at the house of John Gledhill, No. 1231 North Front street, above Franklin, Philadelphia, on Monday, March 1st, between Mr. Smith's dog Spring, and Mr. Bepper's dog Jack, for $25 a side—25 rats each—Spring winning in two minutes and forty seconds.

RAT KILLING AGAINST TIME.—Mr. Bentley has matched his dog Spot to kill 25 rats in two minutes, for $25 a side, the match to come off at the house of John Gledhill, 1231 Front street above Franklin, Philadelphia, on Wednesday, March 17th, to commence killing at 8 o'clock P. M.

A RAT MATCH is to come off on Thursday, 11th of March, between D. L.'s slut Lady, and J. H.'s dog for $25 a side, at the house of J. Siebert, 1331 Passyunk Road, 1st below Wharton street, Philadelphia. Also, a trial of game between D. L.'s dog Spring, and the dog Crib, from Germantown, for a gold watch.

A CHANCE FOR FAST KILLERS.—Having seen a challenge in the CLIPPER for a dog to kill 300 rats in one hour, I am open to match my dog Danger, for from $100 to $500, to kill the same number in that time, or against any other dog in the world. A match can be made at the house of Dominick Bradley, south west corner of Penn and South sts., Philadelphia. DOMINICK BRADLEY.

NOT THAT BILLY.—Boston, March 6, 1858.—MR. EDITOR: In looking over the CLIPPER of this week, I see a notice of the match between the dogs Billy and Spring, which is headed "Albany against Charlestown." This is not correct, as Mr. Storey and Mr. Morse have nothing to do with the match. Mr. Storey does not own the dog Billy; he is owned in Boston by Mr. Grace; neither does Morse own the dog Spring; he is owned by Mr. Quigley, of Charlestown.

THE OWNER OF BILLY.

CRIB VS. CRIB.—A match has been made between Mr. McDonnell's white dog Crib, 24 lbs., against Patrick Fagan's white dog Crib, 24 lbs., for $30 a side. They are to fight the 23d of March, at Harry Jennings, 49 Madison street; dogs to weigh at 6 o'clock, and to fight at 8 o'clock, P. M.

CAMDEN VS. PHILADELPHIA.—A match has been made between Deeny's Philadelphia dog Crack, and Creevy's Camden dog Tinker, for $50 a side, to come off at Pat Carroll's, on Monday evening, March 22d; neither dog to exceed 30 lbs.

SPORTING FOR THE 17TH MARCH.—SAINT PATRICK'S NIGHT.—James McLaughlin will give a Grand Sporting Festival on that night. Jem invites all his sporting friends of New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, to come and see one of the best night's sport of the season. In honor of that night, Jem will give four handsome prizes, and dogs making the best runs on the different animals will receive their prizes in rotation; there will certainly be some of the best dogs in this country at Jem's on that night; there will be plenty of rats on hand for gentlemen wishing to try their dogs, free of charge. Sport will commence at 8 o'clock; tickets, 25 cents, to be had at the bar.

A CHANCE FOR MR. CHARLES GAYNER.—I will fight my dog Sam, 29 lbs., against Mr. Gayner's Scotch dog, 29 lbs., in four weeks from making the match, for $100 a side. If Mr. Gayner does not fancy this match, I will fight the celebrated dog Ben, 29 lbs., or Bullet, neither dog to exceed 29 lbs., for $100 a side. I will also match my dog Jerry, 27 lbs., for $100 a side. I have a 19½ lb. dog I will also match for $100 a side, the fight to come off at 155 First Avenue, New York. Any gentleman agreeing to these terms may send a deposit to the Editor of the CLIPPER, and it will be attended to. First come, first served. JAMES MCLAUGHLIN, 155 First Avenue.

CLARE AND BREAK.—A match comes off between Clare and Break, 24 lbs. each, for $50 a side, at Mr. Rarity's pit, Franklin street, above Seventh, Philadelphia, on Thursday, March 25th.

VIPER AND PADDY.—The match between the Doctor's dog Viper and Schofield's dog Paddy, 32 lbs. check weight, for $200 a side, comes off at Harry Jennings's, Sporting Saloon, 49 Madison street, on Monday evening, April 4th.

MATCHED AGAINST TIME.—This match for the dog Wallace to draw a coon, the largest in the States, comes off at Thomas O'Conner's pit, South street wharf, Schuylkill, Philadelphia, for $25 a side, on Thursday evening, March 11th. The coon can be seen at the White Horse Refectory, Second street, below Callowhill street.

A GRAND NIGHT'S SPORT is to come off at the house of Thos. Connor, corner of Water and South streets, Schuylkill, Philadelphia, on Monday, March 15th. The best 25 lb. dog at the small bear will receive a handsome collar; coon drawing for a collar; also, the big bear will contend with all dogs on that night for a silver collar. Admittance, 25 cents.

TANNER AND TAYLOR.—Thomas Connor's young dog Tanner is matched to fight, 28 lbs. weight, against Mick McLaughlin's imported dog Taylor, 28 lbs., to come off at Thos. Connor's, Philadelphia, on Monday, March 29th, for $100 a side.

NOT FO.—Albany, March 5.—MR. QUEEN: In looking over your paper, I saw my name used in making a match with Morse. I have made no match with him, and did not know of any match that was made with Morse. I have not seen him for nearly two years. I had nothing to do with the making of this match, but I received a letter stating that there was a match made with Mr. Quigley. The owners of both these dogs live in Boston. Yours, TERRENCE STOREY.

HARRY JENNINGS has matched his slut Gipsey, 16 pounds, against a gentleman's up town Scotch terrier dog, 16 pounds weight, to kill 25 rats each, for $25 a side, to come off at Harry Jennings' Sportsman's Hall, 49 Madison street, on Saturday evening, March 13. Doors open at half-past seven; to commence killing at eight.

CHALLENGE.—As George Mottram, of Yonkers, feels anxious to match his slut Lady Washington, 13 pounds weight, to kill six or eight rats, for $25 or $50 a side, I will endeavor to accommodate him according to the rules of rat killing, viz., killing rats for pounds, that is, his 13 pounds slut to kill 13 rats to my nine pound slut's nine; or, his slut to kill eleven to my slut's six; or I have a 16 pound slut I will match against his 13 pound slut, and I will allow him rats for pounds, viz., my slut to kill 26 to his slut's 21, for the above amount. And if neither of the above matches will not suit him, which is either give or take rats for pounds, I will match an 18 pound slut to kill 6 or 8 rats, for $25 or $50 a side, against any other dog or slut in the States, (bar no weight.) For further particulars apply to Harry Jennings, 49 Madison street, or by forwarding a deposit to the CLIPPER Office. JOHN FITZGERALD.

FRANK AND CRIBB.—A match has been made between John Marriott's young dog Cribb, and Harry Jenning's dog Frank, 33 pounds weight, for $100 a side. The battle will take place at Harry Jennings on the 6th of April. We have received $15 a side on account.

MATCH AGAINST TIME.—John Norris has matched his bleak and tan dog Jerry, to kill 300 rats. It is to take place at Jas. McLaughlin's, 155 First Avenue, on the 24th of March, at 8 o'clock P. M.

THE TRIGGER.

PIGEON SHOOTING MATCH.—On Friday, 5th, a match for $50, between Messrs. Hartshorn and Garrison, of Brooklyn, was shot at Ward's Castle, Coney Island Plank Road. The conditions were to shoot at 15 birds each, 1¼ oz. shot, 21 yards rise, and 80 yards boundary. The day was intensely cold, and a more bleak and exposed locality could hardly have been selected for the sport: The match was won by Mr. Hartshorn, as the score will show; that gentleman shooting in his well-known accustomed steady and unerring style, despite the disadvantage under which he labored in consequence of the intense frost.

SUMMARY.

Mr. Hartshorn	001111101100—8 out of 15.
Mr. Garrison	011000110010—5 out of 15.

Another match between the same parties was the next event, each shooting at ten birds, and resulting in a tie between them.

It was the general impression of most of the company present that a match would have been made and decided between Mr. King and Mr. John Cornell, of Delaware; the latter gentleman remaining in New York after the pigeon shooting tournament for the express purpose of accepting a challenge offered by Mr. Ward, (and which was placed in our hands last week,) to back Mr. King to shoot two distinct matches against any person in the United States or Canada, at 25 single birds, and 15 double birds, for $100 a side. Mr. King was unavoidably absent, and although Mr. Cornell offered to accept Mr. Ward's challenge, on his own terms, no arrangement could be made between them.

MATCH FOR $100.—On Saturday, March 6th, a most interesting pigeon shoting match, for $100, came off at Mr. Oscar Sandford's, Halfway House, between Jersey City and Newark, between Mr. John Cornell, of Delaware, and Mr. Sandford; the latter receiving three dead birds out of 21 birds. This match has arisen out of the late tournament, and a more magnificent display of shooting on the part of Mr. Cornell, was never witnessed; he killing 16 birds in succession, hitting hard the 17th, but it managed to escape out of bounds, and killing the remaining four birds in splendid style. Mr. Sandford also shot in his usual steady and superior manner, as the subjoined score will show.

Mr. Cornell	111111111111111011111—20 out of 21.
Mr. Oscar Sandford	111101111111110111101—18 out of 21.

Mr. James Turner, of New York, the principal victor in the late tournament, and Mr. John Taylor, of Jersey City, are matched for $100 a side to shoot at 30 birds, double rises, 18 yards rise and 80 boundary, at Hoboken Meadows, on Monday next, the 15th inst. Mr. Hartshorn, of Brooklyn, and Mr. Osman, of the same place, are also matched for $25 a side, to shoot at 15 birds each, with double guns, 1⅛ oz. shot, 21 yards rise, and 80 yds. boundary, to come off on Thursday, the 11th inst., at Mr. John Taylor's, Jersey City.

PIGEON SHOOTING MATCHES.—On Monday last two matches came off at Oscar Sandford's, Halfway House, between Newark and Jersey City. The day was exceedingly unfavorable, a violent snow storm prevailing during the time the sport was progressing, yet notwithstanding there was a large assemblage of spectators present. The first match was for $50 a side, between Messrs. Kellett and Dennis, of Newark, at 21 birds each, and resulted in favor of the former.

Mr. Kellett	101111111110011111—16 out of 19.
Mr. Dennis	111101101110011100—13 out of 19.

The next was a match at double birds, between Mr. Hudson, of Newark, and a gentleman of New York, five double rises.

Mr. Hudson	00 11 01 11 10—6 out of 10.
Mr. S——	00 01 11 10 10—5 out of 10.

CHALLENGE.—Mr. John Cornell, of Delaware, is ready to make a match to shoot at pigeons against any person in the United States or Canada, at double or single birds, or both, for $100 each match. To shoot alternately at the number agreed upon, or the first miss out; to load and charge as the parties think proper, and to trap birds for each other. Or, he will shoot Mr. King two matches, one at single and the other at double birds, on his own terms, for $100 a side, each match. Mr. Cornell can be heard of at the Darcy House, Jersey City.

LATER SPORTS ABROAD.

From London Sporting Journals, Feb. 14.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

FEB. 23.—Crockett and Tyler—£50 a side, London.
MAR. 2.—Bayliss and Keyte—£25 a side, London.
9.—Goddard and Hackett—£10 a side, London.
MAY 26.—Bob Travers and Johnny Walker—£100 a side, London.
JUNE 15.—Tom Sayers and Tom Paddock—£100 a side and the Belt, London.

MACE AND BRETTLE.—On Monday night, at Bob Travers' benefit, a small deposit, (£1 a side,) was staked between Mace and Brettle, to fight for £500 a side. On the following night they met by appointment at Jem Ward's to draw articles. Both men were present, but unfortunately Mace's backer was not in town, and he had not left the possibles with Nat, so that the latter did not feel himself justified in proceeding. Brettle then claimed forfeit, but to show that this was merely to prove his right, he spent the £2 there and then in a general treat. We have no doubt it will yet be a match.

WALKER AND TRAVERS.—The fourth deposit of £10 a side for this match was made at Mr. Short's on Thursday last.

YOUNG LYNCH, the American, being disappointed by Finnighty's not coming to Jem Ward's to make a match on Wednesday night last, and anxious to do business, is now prepared to fight any man in England, for £25 a side, at 8st. Money ready at Jem Ward's, King's Arms, Whitechapel-road.

BILL BENJAMIN AND HARRY BROOME.—We have this week received £10 from Bill Benjamin to make a match with Harry Broome, for £100 a side. If Broome covers this he may be sure of a job. Benjamin expresses a hope that Harry will not disappoint him.

SPORTS! SPORTS!

Exercise! Exercise!! Exercise!!!

NEW YORK CLIPPER,

THE RECOGNIZED SPORTING JOURNAL OF AMERICA,

AND ADVOCATE OF PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS

FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE popular American Sporting Journal, now in the fifth year of its existence, has an immense circulation, extending over the four quarters of the globe. The CLIPPER gives full and authentic reports of every event of a sporting nature, such as—Cricket; Chess; Draughts; Yachting; Ball Play; Pedestrianism; Boxing; Horse Racing; Trotting; Pugilism; Feats of Strength; Rowing; Canine Sports; Rifle Shooting; Pigeon Shooting; Pistol Shooting; Game Fowl; Wrestling; Curling, &c., &c., &c.

The CLIPPER also gives two or more

SPORTING ILLUSTRATIONS

in each number.

It also devotes considerable space to

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS:

Embracing information on general topics, but sporting matters in particular. Correspondents answered free of expense.

The CLIPPER is the organ of no particular class, but devotes its energies and influence to the improvement of the physical and mental condition of the people, as well as to making money, honestly, for its proprietors. The success of the CLIPPER, as a sporting paper, is without precedent in this or any other country. It is now hailed as "the recognised sporting authority in America."

TERMS.—Single copies, 4 cents each. By mail—$1.00 for six months; $2.00 for one year. Club of four, $7.00 per annum; club of eight, $13.00 per annum; club of twelve, $18.00 per annum—in all cases in advance. Advertisements, 6 cents per line for each and every insertion. Day of publication, Thursday of each week.

FRANK QUEEN, PROPRIETOR,
No. 30 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1858.

FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

ROSS & TOUSEY, 121 Nassau st., N. Y.
MADDEN & Co., 21 and 23 Ann street.
BOYLE & WHALEN, 32 Ann street.
SAMUEL YATES, 23 Beekman street.
CAULDWELL & LONG, 32 Ann street.
HAMILTON & JOHNSTON, No. 22 Ann street.
A. WINCH, 116 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.
BURNHAM, FREDERICK & Co., 9 and 13 Court street, Boston.
JOHN J. DYER, 35 School street, Boston
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Building, Baltimore, Md
A. C. RAGLEY, Cincinnati.
WALLACE, AUBURN & BUHL, Chicago, Ill.
A. & E. REMKIEL, 7 Exchange Place and 122 Poydras st., New Orleans.
L. D. CAMPBELL, 16 King street West, Toronto, Canada West.
BELL & HENDRICKSON, 512 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.
DUGAN & IRWIN, 162 Vine street, Cincinnati.

GETTING CORNERED.—Some time ago an individual, glorying in the title of "A Retired Physician," proclaimed to a wondering world that he would, for *four postage stamps*, send a recipe for the cure of consumption, etc. Some nibbled at the bait, and many swallowed it entire. The "physician" recently began to appear in his true colors, however, and now exacts *two dollars* per bottle for his stuff; but as a number of druggists had purchased the "doctor's" recipe for four stamps, they concluded to be more generous to suffering humanity, and advertised to sell the stuff for fifty cents per bottle, thus knocking the "retired" chap higher than a kite. The "physician" now comes out, and states that *he only* makes the genuine stuff, thus acknowledging that in sending the recipe, as per advertisement, for four stamps, as a pure act of charity, he committed a fraud. But the "old" codger is "played out;" he finds that the two dollar customers are coming up rather scanty, the druggists referred to selling the *genuine* article for fifty cents per bottle. It is really pitiable to witness the shifts to which this "retired physician" resorts for the purpose of gulling the public a second time. A more bare-faced piece of knavery and imposture was never practised upon a community than that adopted by this "retired physician" to fleece and humbug consumptives. He has commenced "operating" in Europe now.

In this connection, we append the following letter, which we find going the rounds of the press:

Koneyfrock, Orgus 28, 1857.

Doctur H. James—

I see by your advertisement in the newspapers that your sands of life have nearly run owt. I hed no idee sand was so skeerce in yure naiberhud. we hev got a big iland here about tu miles long where eny qwantity of sand ken be dug up and used very extencive for bilding purposes. if you ar most owt i wud like tu get a order tu ship yu sum more very cheepe. the sand is not so fine mabe as sum yuve ceen, but if you will blo in the nusepapers & git the edaturs tu sa it wuz gude it wude du furs rate. How mutch wude yu yews in a yere & how mutch wude you giv a hogs hed fur it and pa the frate.

yuers respeckfully. b. h. smith.

p. s. whi dont yu save the sand when it runs owt and ews it again. if you wude mix sum mulasses with the sand it wudent run owt so fast. b. h. s.

ESCAPE OF MCGOWAN.—During the great excitement in San Francisco, in 1856, when the Vigilance Committee held undisputed sway in that city, Edward McGowan, one of the "spotted" victims, was forced to hide himself from the fury of the mob until such time as arrangements could be made for his escape from the country. There was much interest manifested at the time to learn the means by which McGowan was enabled to elude his pursuers, who were scattered over all parts of California. By the last arrival from San Francisco, we received a copy of a work just published by Mr. McGowan, in which is given a full and succinct narrative of the escape of the fugitive, and the means by which it was accomplished. It is thrillingly interesting, and will well repay perusal. Mr. J. F. Feeks, California news agent, of No. 18 Ann street, in this city, is agent for the publisher, from whom the book may be obtained.

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW, for March, contains three splendid engravings, portraits of Hon. J. A. Quitman, Hon. Charles J. Foster, and Hon. I. W. Beard, gentlemen well known in the political history of this country. Well written biographical notices accompany these engravings. The Review is published at No. 335 Broadway, New York.

THE UNION BOATING ASSOCIATION, of Massachusetts, are already making preparations for aquatic sports on the opening of the river.

MAKING HORSE SHOES.—St. Louis, Mo., Feb 28, 1858.—MR. EDITOR—*Sir:* In looking over the columns of last week's CLIPPER, I see it stated that a man by the name of John H. Neat, of Lynn, made 246 horse shoes in one day, working at the rate of 10 hours per day. Now, Mr. Editor, as there are many sizes of iron used in horse shoe making, I should like to know what size iron Mr. Neat used on the above occasion. By giving publicity to this, you will oblige, Yours, ARMAGH BOY.

P. S.—You shall hear from me again.

THE TRIGGER.

THE GREAT PIGEON SHOOTING TOURNAMENT.

THIS interesting event to the lovers of pigeon shooting was brought to a conclusion on Wednesday, 3d inst. In our last week's CLIPPER we gave a full report of the first day's proceedings, including the result of the shooting for the principal sweepstake. Our time prevented us making any detailed remarks on the shooting exhibited, and for the purpose of affording our readers a full and clear report of the entire proceedings, we re-publish the result, together with our further remarks.

FIRST DAY.—MONDAY, MARCH 1ST.

The entries for the principal sweepstake of $10 each were twenty-one in number, and the shooting commenced at one o'clock P. M. The attendance of spectators was very large, and every effort was used to prevent that curse of the sport, viz., outside shooting. In spite, however, of all exertions used, some fellows would persist in firing at birds approaching them; but still there was no case in which there was any necessity of appeal to the judges. The judges appointed were Messrs. Young, of Philadelphia, and J. Eldridge, of Bordentown; Mr. Evans, of Newark, was referee. They discharged their duties in a manner satisfactory to all. The following was the score of shooting for the first day:

1..	Mr. Pilkington, Newark	010	— 1
2..	" Oscar Sandford, Newark	110	— 2
3..	" J. Monkhouse, Toronto, Canada	0	— 0
4..	" H. Ellis do do	1110	— 3
5..	" George Ward do do	10	— 1
6..	" J. W. Beesley, Cincinnati	1111111111	—10
7..	" Joseph Ferguson do	110	— 2
8..	" John Taylor, Jersey City	1111111111	—10
9..	" do do	10	— 1
10..	" James Turner, New York	1110	— 3
11..	" Tomlinson do	110	— 2
12..	" Johnson, Bordentown	0	— 0
13..	" S. R. Irven, Philadelphia	1111110	— 6
14..	" do do	11111110	— 7
15..	" Cornell, Delaware	111110	— 5
16..	" Mount, Philadelphia	110	— 2
17..	" King, New York	10	— 1
18..	" Johnson, Bordentown	111110	— 5
19..	" William Taylor, Jersey City	111111110	— 8
20..	" James Turner, New York	1111111111	—10
21..	" Brown, Red House, Harlem	0	— 0

It will be perceived from this score that three gentlemen only killed all their birds (10); consequently, they agreed to decide the question of superiority by shooting at 5 birds each. It resulted as under:

Mr. J. W. Beesley, Cincinnati	01111	—4 out of 5
" John Taylor, Jersey City	10111	—4 out of 5
" James Turner, New York	11111	—5 out of 5

The latter gentleman was consequently declared the winner of the principal prize, and entitled to the proud title of *Champion Pigeon Shooter of America.* Messrs. Beesley and Taylor then shot at 5 birds each, to decide which was entitled to the 2nd and 3d prizes:

Mr. J. W. Beesley, Cincinnati	11110	—4
" John Taylor, Jersey City	11110	—4

The result being for the third time a tie between those gentlemen, it was mutually agreed to divide the two prizes equally between them.

Our limits prevent us at this late period of writing from making many remarks on the merits of the shooters. The style of shooting of Mr. Beesley was admired by all present, from the fact of his having with ONE chance tied two parties who were shooting two chances, it proves him to be a splendid shot, and a worthy representative of the far-famed "Cincinnati Prairie Shooting Club." Mr. Irven, of Philadelphia, well maintained his high reputation as a dead shot, having, in his two chances, killed thirteen birds in succession, and wounding the two next, but they unfortunately got out of bounds. Messrs. Taylor and Turner shot in their usual excellent style, and the steadiness and certainty of the aim of the latter were generally remarked.

The shooting of Mr. William Taylor, of Jersey City, was the subject of general admiration, and fully justified the extravagant odds laid that he would kill his bird every shot. He killed eight birds in succession, and hit hard the ninth, but it managed to escape out of the boundary.

The weather on this day was remarkably fine and mild, and the attendance of spectators exceedingly large. Among those present we recognized our old friends and correspondents, "Pigeon Feather," of Reading, Berks Co.; "Woodruff," of Philadelphia; and "Skip," of Burlington; besides many other ardent lovers of the sport from Philadelphia, Newark, Albany, Bordentown, and New York.

SECOND DAY.—TUESDAY, MARCH 2.

The competition for the second principal sweepstake of $5 each commenced at one o'clock, P. M., this day, and the entries for it were twenty in number. The weather this day was not so favorable for the shooters as on Monday, being intensely cold, and the splendid shooting that ensued, notwithstanding, showed the high merits of the competitors. Previous to its commencement a match for $30 came off between the celebrated shot, Mr. John Cornell, of Delaware, and Mr. Jupp, of Albany, at five birds each. The result was in favor of the former:

Mr. John Cornell, Delaware	11111	—5 out of 5
" Jupp, Albany	1110	—3 out of 4

The latter, as it was impossible to tie, after missing the fourth bird, resigned the contest, and the work of preparation for the principal event of the day now commenced, by the appointment of Messrs. J. Eldridge, of Bordentown, and James E. Evans, of Philadelphia, judges, and Mr. C. Neidley ("Pigeon Feather,") of the city of Reading, as referee. The number of birds was seven each, and the score was as follows:

1..	Mr. Applegate, Keyport	0	—0
2..	" Ferguson, Cincinnati	10	—1
3..	" Ellis, Toronto	1111111	—7
4..	" Monkhouse, Toronto	11110	—4
5..	" Ward do	0	—0
6..	" Wm. Pennis, Newark	1110	—3
7..	" Wm. King, New York	10	—1
8 .	" Wm Ward, Long Island	10	—1
9..	" John Cornell, Delaware	1110	—3
10..	" Wm. Taylor, Jersey City	10	—1
11..	" Richard Pink, Williamsburgh	1111110	—6
12..	" Cruzer, Princeton	10	—1
13..	" Tomlinson, New York	10	—1
14..	" Miles Johnson, Bordentown	0	—0
15..	" do do	1111111	—7
16..	" Pluck, Philadelphia	0	—0
17..	" Cornell, Delaware	1110	—3
18..	" W. J. Young, Philadelphia	10	—1
19..	" Jupp, Albany	0	—0
20..	" Wm. Taylor, Jersey City	1110	—3

Messrs. Ellis and Johnson, having killed all their birds, agreed to divide the first and second prizes, while the third was left to be shot for by the others, leaving the total score at the conclusion as under:

1..	Mr. Applegate	01111110	—6 out of 8
2..	" Ferguson	010	—1 out of 3
3..	" Monkhouse	1111011110	—7 out of 9
4..	" Ward	01110	—3 out of 5
5..	" Wm. Dennis	1110110	—5 out of 7
6..	" Wm. King	101111111	—8 out of 9
7..	" Wm. Ward	10110	—3 out of 5
8..	" John Cornell	1110111110	—7 out of 9
9..	" Wm. Taylor	1011110	—5 out of 7
10..	" Richard Pink	11111100	—6 out of 8
11..	" Cruzer	101110	—4 out of 6
12..	" Tomlinson	100	—1 out of 3
13..	" Miles Johnson	010	—1 out of 3
14..	" Wm. Taylor	111010	—4 out of 6
15..	" Pluck	0111111110	—7 out of 9
16..	" John Cornell	111010	—4 out of 6
17..	" W. J. Young	101110	—4 out of 6
18..	" Jupp	00	

It will be seen that the shooting off for the third prize in this sweepstake produced some splendid shooting, and was won in first rate style by Mr. King, who killed eight birds out of nine. The shooting of Mr. Pluck, who killed seven birds in succession, was magnificent, and elicited general applause. Messrs. Monkhouse, Applegate, Cornell and Pink also proved themselves to be first rate shots.

THIRD DAY.—WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3.

The third sweepstake of the published programme of the tournament was the event for decision on this day and the sporting fraternity mustered in great numbers again to witness the proceedings.

There were 15 entries at $3 each, to shoot at three birds each. The following was the score:

1..	Mr. Ferguson	10	—1
2..	" do	0	—0
3..	" Cornell	110	—2
4..	" Monkhouse	0	—0
5..	" E. Miller	0	—0
6..	" Oscar Sanford	0	—0
7..	" do	111	—3
8..	" Ellis	0	—0
9..	Mr. Johnson	10	—1
10..	" Jno. Taylor	110	—2
11..	" do	10	—1
12..	" Miles Johnson	111	—3
13..	" Ellis	111	—3
14..	" Pink	0	—0
15..	" Tomlinson	10	—1

Three having thus tied, by killing all their birds, they shot off to decide the question of superiority.

Mr. Ellis, Canada	111	—3 out of 3
" Johnson, Bordentown	01	—1 out of 2
" Sandford, Newark	01	—1 out of 2

Mr. Ellis consequently took the first stake, and the other two divided the second and third.

Thus terminated the regular shooting, but a sweepstake of $2 was formed immediately after, at 3 birds each, eleven entries, and produced some capital shooting, and several ties.

1..	Mr. John Taylor	111	—3
2..	" do	111	—3
3..	" Jno Cornell	111	—3
4..	" do	111	—3
5..	" A. Lawton	111	—3
6..	" Jas. Turner	110	—2
7..	Mr. Ferguson	110	—2
8..	" Ellis	0	—0
9..	" do	110	—2
10..	" Hughes	10	—1
11..	" Miles Johnson	111	—3

There being six ties, it was shot off with the following result:

1..	Mr. John Taylor	10 —1 out of 2
2..	" do	111—3 out of 3
3..	" Jno. Cornell	111—3 out of 3
4..	" do	111—3 out of 3
5..	" Abel Lawton	111—3 out of 3
6..	" Johnson	111—3 out of 3

As the result was again a tie, and the supply of birds now exhausted, the shooting terminated in a division of the money, and the sportsmen wound up the proceedings by spending the evening in conviviality at the Darcy House, Jersey City.

It will be seen that the representatives of Canada were very successful, winning two of the principal prizes out of the three advertised. Mr. Ellis, the successful candidate is a splendid shot, and the birds that fell to his lot were of the most difficult description to kill, flying remarkably quick and strong. Mr. Beesley, of Cincinnati, was also successful in the principal stake dividing the 2d and 3d prizes with Mr. John Taylor, of Jersey City. The winner of that stake, Mr. James Turner, of New York, shot in his usual steady and unerring style, and we think he is fully entitled to the position he has thus won, of the champion pigeon shot of America. It is difficult and indeed invidious to mention those who best acquitted themselves with credit, as the different scores will show that circumstance. Suffice it to state, that Messrs. Cornell, King, Pluck, and J. and W. Taylor, Johnson, and Sandford, have well maintained the high reputation they had previously acquired in pigeon shooting annals.

The management of the affair, on the whole, was most satisfactory, the only ground of complaint being the difficulty of keeping back the crowd of spectators from pressing on the shooters, and the limited supply of birds. This last circumstance, however, may be fairly excused, as the difficulty of procuring them at this season of the year is very great, and we know that Mr. Taylor spared no expense or trouble in endeavoring to secure an ample supply. The gentlemen from Cincinnati and Canada expressed themselves highly satisfied with their reception and treatment in New York, and in the event of another tournament being arranged, their attendance may be safely calculated upon. At the time when the project was first mooted, it was naturally anticipated that the weather would prove milder and more favorable at the advanced period of the season than has been the case, and the severity of the weather has doubtless exercised an influence on the shooting of some of the competitors. As, however, the idea of holding another tournament in New York was received with general approval and satisfaction, we may confidently anticipate a larger attendance and a still higher class of shooting on the next occasion.

The gentlemen who officiated as judges and referee discharged their duties in the most impartial and satisfactory manner; indeed, their decisions were in no case ever questioned by the parties interested.

SNOW-SHOE RACES IN MONTREAL.

ON Tuesday afternoon, the annual races of the Montreal Snow-Shoe Club took place at Ouimet's race course, near Mile End. The day was rather cold, yet notwithstanding this, at least a thousand persons were present, to witness the feats of speed in this manly and exhilarating exercise. The grand stand was filled with ladies, and on the Stewards' stand we noticed Sir William Eyre, Commander of the Forces, with his staff. The first race was a distance of four miles, and nine Indians from Caughnawaga entered for it. The start was good, and for a considerable distance the same position was maintained. The first mile was accomplished in six minutes twenty seconds; the second in eight minutes twenty-two seconds; the third in nine minutes thirty seconds; the fourth was exciting, the contest being very close. The Indian who came in victor during the three previous miles, and for a long distance on the fourth, was the third; but when within half a mile of the stand, he made a dash and took the lead, which he kept and came in some ten yards ahead of the second Indian, and fifteen ahead of the third. The last mile occupied but seven minutes and ten seconds, and the four miles were accomplished in thirty-one minutes twenty-two seconds. The winner of this race seemed to feel himself a very important personage, for he immediately donned a fantastic head-dress, and strutted about his discomfited compeers with a very bombastic air. The prize for this race was forty dollars.

The next was a hurdle race over four three-feet hurdles; the prize being ten dollars. Preparations for this race were made by six whites and three Indians; it was a most exciting struggle—the first hurdle was leapt almost simultaneously by all the competitors, but between the first hurdle and the second, distances were changed, Mr. Brown keeping first, followed closely by Mr. Murray, who fell while clearing the third hurdle, an Indian who was following having trodden on his snow-shoe. He was up in an instant, however, but Mr. Brown was now leading, and in spite of Mr. Murray's efforts came in first. They all arrived at the Stewards' stand in the following order—Mr. Brown, first,—Mr. Murray second, and an Indian third.

A race of half a mile by boys under 14 years of age, for a prize of $5, was easily won by Master Edward Whitehead.

The next race was a mile; prize ten dollars. A beautiful start was made, and for half a mile it was a neck-and-neck race; here an Indian took the lead, followed by another Indian, and Mr. Murray third. Mr. Murray made several vain attempts to take the lead; and the race was won by the Indian who came in first in the four mile race.

A race of 100 yards for a prize of five dollars then came off. The struggle was a severe one, and was hardly contested. Mr. William Whitehead came in first. Time, fourteen seconds.

The most exciting race of the day then took place. It was for the Club Cup. For this race there entered Messrs. Coffin, Barnston, Brown and Rintoul. The start was good, and Indian file was kept for the first half mile, when Mr. Barnston took the lead, followed closely by Mr. Coffin. On passing the stand, (completing the first mile,) Mr. Barnston still had the lead, followed by Mr. Coffin, then Mr. Brown, Mr. Rintoul being last. Just after passing Mr. Brown gave up. This same distance was kept during three-quarters of the second mile, when Mr. Coffin made a dash and came up with Mr. Barnston. A desperate struggle for the supremacy then took place, but when within twenty yards of the winning post, Mr. Barnston gave up exhausted, and Mr. Coffin came in first, and was presented with the Cup.

The last race, two miles across the country, was contested for by four Indians, and was won by one named Mosse.

This finished the programme, and the crowd dispersed.

[*Montreal Pilot, Feb. 25.*

CRICKET.

THE TWO FIRST MATCHES PLAYED IN AMERICA.—The annexed remarks and scores, which have been preserved by Mr. G. Stead, now in California, and published in the San Francisco *Spirit of the Times*, are so valuable and interesting, that we avail ourselves of the opportunity of adding them to our already extensive cricketing literature. It will be observed that the scores contain the names of several still among us, who have, as it were, grown grey in the service, and whose abilities are not to be despised in our first-class matches, even in these modern times. There are others who have resigned the willow, but who still lend their patriarchal countenances to the encouragement of this favorite game, which has been endeared to them by many pleasant reminiscences. It must be a source of pride to them to know that the game introduced by them has grown to such vast proportions, and is taken part in by so many admirers, sons of Old England, as well as those to the manor born. The doings of these Pioneer Cricketers, in their first essay on American soil, cannot but prove interesting to every cricketer throughout the Union, to whose perusal we submit the following:

The first was played by twenty-two Englishmen, representing respectively the towns of Sheffield, in the north of England, and Nottingham, in the midland counties. The former town is as noted for its cricketers, as it is for its cutlery; in fact it is second to none in the world for the quantity and quality of its cricketers; turning out, periodically, some of the best players in England. The second match was the players of New York (now the St. George's C. C.) vs. The Players of Long Island. The score of this one will be interesting to every lover of the game; but more especially to the members of the "St. George's," New York, as it not only shows their first victory, but the first match played between two constituted clubs in the United States.

SHEFFIELD VS. NOTTINGHAM, played at Brooklyn, Long Island, September 20, 1838.

SHEFFIELD.

	First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..	J. Wheatman c Parker	12	c Wyvil	35
2..	Dodworth c Sneath	5	b Hurst	0
3..	Gill b Hurst	6	b Hurst	14
4..	G. Stead b Taylor	4	run out	7
5..	Fisher b Taylor	4	not out	8
6..	Bradshaw c Turton	8	b Hurst	1
7..	Berry c Wyvil	24	c Sneath	7
8..	Taylor b Hurst	0	run out	12
9..	Ellen c Wyvil	6	b Turton	0
10..	Pearson not out	2	b Turton	0
11..	Holmes run out	5	b Turton	2
	Wides 1, byes 2	3	Byes	2
	Total	79	Total	88

NOTTINGHAM.

	First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..	Taylor run out	1	b Wheatman	0
2..	W. Wyvil run out	3	c Taylor	10
3..	Parker b Gill	2	b Wheatman	1
4..	Alvey c Gill	8	not out	0
5..	H. Wyvil c Wheatman	3	run out	1
6..	Sneath run out	1	c Gill	0
7..	Shelton st Dodworth	0	c Dodworth	0
8..	Turton b Gill	3	c Gill	10
9..	Hurst c Stead	0	c Stead	0
10..	Beecroft c Stead	0	c Bradshaw	0
11..	Dent not out	0	b Stead	1
	Total	21	Total	23

Umpires—Sheffield, Mr. Lacey; Nottingham, Mr. James Rayner.
Scorers—Sheffield, Mr. Weedon; Nottingham, Mr. Hadkins.

NEW YORK VS. LONG ISLAND, played at Brooklyn, October 22d and 23d, 1838. Stakes $400.

NEW YORK.

	First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..	J. Wheatman l b w	10	b C. Russell	5
2..	Gill c C. Russell	7	b Cordroy	0
3..	G. Stead b Cordroy	4	b Cordroy	4
4..	S. Wright b Cordroy	20	b C. Russell	2
5..	Ward b Cordroy	4	l b w	2
6..	Taylor b C. Russell	16	b Cordroy	11
7..	Dodworth b W. Russell	0	b C. Russell	3
8..	Berry b Cordroy	5	c C. Russell	2
9..	Andrews b C. Russell	14	b Cordroy	1
10..	Furniss run out	10	b Cordroy	11
11..	Sloper not out	0	not out	1
	Byes 4, wide balls 1	5	Byes	3
	Total	95	Total	45

LONG ISLAND.

	First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..	W. Russell b Wheatman	3	c Stead	1
2..	C. Russell c Wright	0	b Sloper	12
3..	H. Russell not out	0	b Wheatman	10
4..	Underwood b Gill	1	b Gill	2
5..	Cordroy leg before wicket	10	c Wright	0
6..	Nash, Sr., b Wheatman	6	b Wheatman	0
7..	R. Nash c Wright	0	leg before wicket	1
8..	G. Nash b Andrews	4	b Wheatman	0
9..	Wyvil leg before wicket	3	not out	0
10..	Sneath c Taylor	0	b Gill	3
11..	W. H. Parker b Wheatman	0	run out	17
	Byes	2	Byes	2
	Total	29	Total	48

Umpires—New York, Mr. Barker; Long Island, Mr. James Rayner.
Scorers—New York, Mr. Pearson; Long Island, Mr. Hadkins.

BOSTON CRICKET CLUB—The meeting of this club for the election of officers for 1858, took place, as announced in our last, on Monday, 1st instant, when the following gentlemen were elected: For President, William Lamb; Vice-President, A. J. Mercer; Secretary, W. H. Davis; Treasurer, M. Doherty; Business Committee, William D. Morris, A. Brown, William Biddolph and William Kilner, Sen. The Club is in a flourishing condition, and will commence the spring campaign in fine style.

CHALLENGE TO HORSE SHOE MAKERS.—Cincinnati, Feb. 27, 1858.—DEAR FRANK: I saw in your paper of last week an account of a great feat in horse shoeing, in which Mr. Neat is said to have made 246 horse shoes in one day, or ten hours, thus leaving all others in the shade. Now, not meaning any offence to the above gentleman, or, doubting his word in the least, I have a man that I will back against said Mr. Neat, to make horse shoes, for from $7 to $1,000, the man that makes the most shoes in ten hours to be the winner—each man to work the same quality of iron, light or heavy, as may be agreed upon; also, the same number of holes, viz: eight to each shoe. As I think there is some blowing going on, I would like it to be put to the test, as there are some sporting gentlemen in this city who think we have as good horse shoers here as there are in any other State. I will pay reasonable expenses to have the match come off here. Man and money ready at any time, at my shop, or at the Dimond, Race street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

P. S.—An answer through the CLIPPER will oblige

JOHN P. MOORE.

TROTTING UPON THE ICE.—Many of the citizens of Natick, Massachusetts, are interested in fast horse flesh, and pay considerable attention to the sports of the turf. As turf at this season of the year is at a discount, they have availed themselves of the ice when it was strong enough for the purpose. On the 26th ultimo, there was an exciting race at Natick—half-mile heats, best three in five. Tom Wonder, a fine pacer, won in three straight heats. The best time made by each of the nags, for the half-mile, was as follows:

Tom Wonder	1:11	Navigator	1:24
Lady of the Lake	1:20	Beals' Colt	1:55
Lady Cochituate	1:22	Gould's Colt	1:56

CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.—I, Francis Attinelli, accept the challenge of Francis Bethel, to run ten miles for $25, on the Red House Track, Harlem. I will meet Mr. Bethel at J. Clarke's, corner of Eightieth street and Third avenue, on Monday, 15th instant, when all the preliminaries can be settled. FRANCIS ATTINELLI.

Yorkville, New York, March 5, 1858.

"STRIKE, BUT HEAR ME."

PERIODICALLY, in all large cities, a great outcry is raised against that unfortunate class, known as the frail sisterhood, and efforts made to render their position in the world unbearable, or still more degrading than it really is. At present, the annual hue and cry is going on in the city of London, and the total annihilation of the "necessary evil" institution is threatened. In answer to the wholesale and sweeping charges made against the "unfortunates," we find the following sensible letter, from one of the proscribed, in a recent number of the London *Era*, the editor of which paper, unlike most of his contemporaries, braving the fury of an excited people in order that even the despised and forsaken child of misfortune may have a hearing in her own defence. As there are many so-called moral reformers in this city who never let an occasion pass without doing all in their power to injure the members of the proscribed class to which we have alluded, we present the letter referred to for their especial benefit. It may, perhaps, "strike home," and teach them that Christian morality is true charity:

THE DELICATE QUESTION.

MR. EDITOR—Sir,—Certain persons have, as you know, commenced a crusade against London prostitutes, and, if one of that abandoned sisterhood may presume to address you, grant me your attention.

The precept and example set me by parents, now, thank God, in their graves; the education likewise "thrown away" upon me, and my subsequent experience as a governess in a highly-respectable family, were not necessary to the conviction that the class among which I may be numbered consists of outcasts whose undisguised pursuit is an offence to the laws of God and man.

I know that we are cut off from the moral, social, and religious worlds. I am conscious that there is nothing in common between us and other women but sheer mortality. I am aware that we are beings whom men should shun and women must condemn. We need not be told of our ruin and degradation, because we never "fall" without being alive to the fact. A women seduced may forgive her wrongs and outlive her sense of shame. Her conscience may harden and her very memory may sleep, but she never need be reminded of her real condition. It is impossible for her to forget what she is; society will not permit her to do so. I am speaking now of lost mortals like myself, and not of those whose sinful life Fortune seems to gild. Do not suppose, then, that I would attempt to defend what transpires nightly in the Haymarket, in Coventry-street, or wherever women of my caste congregate. I do not ask you to countenace anything of the kind. No, sir, give "Vice its own image," and do your duty.

But, while you yourself refrain from going a step too far, pray give a warning word to others. It is one thing to put down a nuisance; it is another to persecute individuals. I will anticipate much that may fairly be said, and admit that if I live avowedly in defiance of those regulations which the community has established as indispensable to its well being—("I waive the quantum o' the sin," the body's pollution, and the soul's perdition; that is my private business, and, God help me! mine alone, I hope)—if I parade my iniquitous trade so as to commit a public outrage, I must expect to be checked in such openly vicious courses, for I believe the liberty of the subject should end where injury to others begins. But pray tell those good gentlemen who are bent upon "putting us down," that theirs is not only a delicate, but a difficult undertaking, and they should be careful lest they have more to answer for than they dream of in their philosophy. One Horace—an authority whom you gentlemen quote—has said, I believe—

Let the wise man be considered as a fool, and the just man as unjust, if his rigorous adherence even to virtue herself carries him beyond the proper bounds.

I hope those worthy gentlemen are not attempting to cure an evil by driving it inwards. There is a scandalous eyesore and annoyance existing; remove it! But if those excellent men imagine that by clearing the thoroughfares of professed wretches like me they will advance one step in the cause of virtue they are gravely mistaken. Wives, and daughters, and sisters should be spared disgusting scenes of all kinds, and fathers, and sons, and brothers should be tempted as little as possible. I can yet admit that! But London is, for its size, the most moral town in Europe—perhaps the civilized world—and I once had a friend who could prove it. Leaving Continental cities, with all their recognised and even legalised enormities, out of the question; go, for example, to the quiet, orderly, religious, and apparently sleeping village of Dolgelly, in North Wales, "where a seraph might dwell," and where you find all serene, and the number of bastard children on the parish books will astound you. The vice of London, sir, is seen to float on its surface; let it pass as the weed on its way to the ocean. If it accumulate so as to become offensive, disperse it. If it otherwise annoy and cannot conveniently be avoided, deal with it accordingly. But have we not our uses? I believe and hope that I am a warning to every woman I meet. I fancy, too, that even men sometimes pause in their worst designs when they look upon me, or feel a pang should those designs have been accomplished. Do you think that when I have laughed boldly (as we never do when sober) in the face of a virtuous girl, and as much as to say, "See what one of our sex can come to!" my maniac conduct has not whispered "Thank God, and take heed?" I have seen the half-starved milliner and humble orange-girl hurry past me with a shudder, and the poor servant, snatching a moment to gaze about her, go to her work rejoicing that "she has not come to that!" And then your sex. Heaven grant me patience that I may content myself with observing that no good man ever noticed me in the street, save with pity, indifference, or contempt; and there is no seclusion which the vicious will not penetrate. As for temptation, in which shape is it the more dangerous, that of a notorious street-walker, or a modest maiden going on an errand? However numerous be the Maria Milwoods, *depend upon it George Barnwells are scarce.* Do you think I could not make myself understood without shocking the looker-on, or openly displaying my purpose? Can I not even add to my "snares" and "attractions," by disguising myself as a domestic, a young Quakeress, a dressmaker, or even lady—aye, and acting the part too? My reason for not resorting to those stratagems is there is no necessity for so doing. Yet you, of course, but little know how many of us appear in those characters, and without exciting the slightest suspicion among the public in general. I know a designing and disreputable girl who has been passing herself off for a long time upon a city banker as a parson's wife; and another who pretends to have her "Sunday out," that she may walk abroad with a gentleman of Somerset-house; and serve them right! Then there are unfortunates who live in style; some appear in carriages, some on foot. Your sex may know them, but mine mistake them for decent women. (I am still alluding to the professional courtezan.) These are the pitfalls for the males of good familes. But in respect to the more common of my class—not by any means the worst—now under censure, pray say a word in time, and before she be committed to the tender mercies of the police. He is not the man to "take her up tenderly." Consider, sir, she is "one of Eve's family," as your mother was, and as your wife and daughter are!—aye, and as even your Queen is. She has no other claim to your forbearance.

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh, it is pitiful,
Near a whole city full,
Home has she none.

Appoint commissioners who are fitted for the office, intelligent, respectable, and responsible gentlemen, and make it worth their while to devote themselves entirely to the reduction of the scandal complained of. Empower these officials to have us taken up and punished for riot or impropriety of any kind. But let not the "pelting petty officer," the ignorant constable of a few shillings a week, and it may be an unfeeling and unthinking brute, interfere with us as he will. *Recollect it was man who made us what we are.* It is man who pays for the finery, the rouge, and the gin. It is for man that we are yet AS, as well as WHAT, we are. It is man who, when we apply ourselves to industry and honesty, employs us upon starving wages; and if man had his way, and woman's nature were not superior to his, there would be no virtue extant. Say, then, is it for man to persecute even the most profligate among us? What is he better than the worst of us?

In the next place, why begin with the most abject and unprotected? Why (as you threaten to do) pounce upon, not only the most conspicuous brawler, but the thinly-clad and silent "lost one" walking the streets like a trespasser, even when the weather would make one hesitate to turn a dog out into it? Why should the virtuous indignation of the present day be all expended upon—if I may be allowed so to mention her—the poor creature without a friend, while her more fortunate sister, whom I will call harlot, stares impudently from out her luxurious brougham, throwing more discredit upon what I understand as our "social system" than it suffers from a score of less pampered strumpets? I do not allude to the unobtrusive victim, "hiding her diminished head" behind silk curtains, nor even the more "experienced," making the "best of a bad bargain." (As to the latter it is wonderful what dragons of virtue "notorious women" among them become at maturity!) But I do say, Sir, that the community more than tolerates those who find fools to set them up where good women should be, while it sets its face against others who are only poorer, and less lucky, to say nothing of the honesty that is to be found even among the lowest.

Pray, sir, think of this, and tell those gentlemen whose speeches I read to act upon it. They may be husbands and fathers (as are many of all degrees who visit us,) and I can allow for their parental solicitude. But if they be Christians they will imitate one who said, "Go and sin no more," and not "move on," "anywhere, anywhere, out of the world." Your humble servant,

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

P. S.—I cannot give you my name, having so disgraced it; nor my address, as it is disreputable.

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY REVIVING.

"BLOOD, IAGO, BLOOD."

LARRY MCGILL and Pat Doyle are a brace of as "dacent lads as ever throd shoe-leather" when not under the influence of red-eye, but they are the divil's own boys when drunk. They have but one mind on the subject of whiskey, and yet, paradoxical as it may seem, it is the cause of a misunderstanding every time they meet. The other day these repeated misunderstandings culminated in a bit of a box, in which Pat's two eyes were knocked into one. But his is not the blood to calmly pursue its courses under the indignity of a "bating," and he swore "by the piper that played before Moses" he'd be "aven wid the spalpeen yet." But notwithstanding this determination, he had seen too much of McGill's prowess with the fists to think of making a blackguard of himself by seeking satisfaction in that way. What course, then, should he pursue? That was the question; and it was a puzzler to poor Pat, whose head had come out of the late encounter in altogether too delicate a situation to do him much service in the way of thinking. His thoughts and purposes, therefore, were bloody but undefined for a whole day, and at eventide he took a sup of whiskey, and, like Isaac of old, went out into the back-yard to meditate. "That Larry McGill is the most ungrateful blackguard that I iver come achross intirely. Wud you believe it? here I've been for the last six months taking all the rishks of the law upon meself to sell that boy a drap of bitters, and now he turns forninst me, all at wanst, and gives me such a pair of eyes as the divil wouldn't know me no more than my own mother. That's bekase he's bigger nor me. There's not a man in ould Morgan can do that same for Pat Doyle of his own beft. That's thrue as punch or preachin'. Now I'll tell yez Pat, and that's mesself, what to do wid him. Trate him as Jifferson Davis wud—call him out and murther him dacently!" Thus Pat ruminated, and thus he finally resolved. Pat is a "national" man of strong southern proclivities and tastes, and though not a firecater he's a fire drinker, which amounts to about the same thing. He conned a challenge over in his mind, and as he expressed it, carried it himself by the word of mouth. McGill accepted, and it was agreed that the affair should be settled immediately; the spot selected being just back of Doyle's house. But now a difficulty presented itself which for a moment threatened to step between Pat and his dire revenge. The weapons chosen by McGill were shot guns, of one of which he was the fortunate owner and possessor; but Pat, though equally chivalrous, had never thought of keeping one about the house, as he had always heretofore placed implicit reliance upon a responsible stick as a means of defence.

"Now, Pat," said McGill, "do you know what the code of honor sez? Why it says that you, Pat Doyle, are the challenger, and that I, Larry McGill, am challenged of coorse; but it sez more nor that. It sez that I, Larry McGill, have the right to choose the time and place, and that you've got nothing to say at all, at all. Now I'll tell you what, Pat Doyle, the time I choose is now, and the place here, and the weapons is shot guns, and if you have not got one, the divil a bit I care. So take your place Pat, if you're a man, and let's be shootin."

"Do yez think I'm afeared of yez, Larry McGill, or that I don't understand the code of honor aither?" responded Pat, becoming a little warmed up at McGill's hurry, and determined at the same time to meet him on his own terms. "The code of honor sez that if Pat Doyle has no weapon that Larry McGill may shoot first, and then Pat shall have a shot!"

"I agree to that," said McGill. "So be aff to your place."

Pat is true blue. There is not a drop of cowardly blood in his whole body, and he accordingly stepped off about thirty yards, wheeled round facing McGill, and throwing up his arms, told that gentleman to "fleck way." "Bang" went the shot gun, and Pat yelled like a Tipperary bull. That last movement of his proved unfortunate. The whole charge entered his hand and wrist, shattering the bone to the elbow and rendering amputation necessary. It was a painful wound, and brought the salt water to the eyes of poor unavenged Pat, and of course terminated the fight.

This is the first regular duel, we believe, which has ever occurred within the limits of Jacksonville, and we record it as an important indication of the tendency of the age. We are retrograding. The ladies have already brought out the scarlet petticoats of their grandmothers, and the men are looking for the bloody plumes of their great ancestors.—*Morgan Co. (Ill.) Journal.*

METHOD OF ASCERTAINING THE STATE OF THE LUNGS.—Persons desirous of ascertaining the true state of their lungs, are directed to draw in as much breath as they conveniently can; they are then to count as far as they are able, in a slow and audible voice, without drawing in more breath. The number of seconds they can continue counting must be carefully observed; in a consumptive person the time does not exceed ten, and is frequently less than six seconds; in pleurisy and pneumonia, it ranges from nine to four seconds. When the lungs are in a sound condition, the time will range as high as from twenty to thirty-five seconds.

DISEASES OF THE DOG.

DISTEMPER.—CONTINUED.

MR. MATHEW'S TREATMENT OF DISTEMPER:—"The symptoms of distemper, as the reader will, after wading through the foregoing description, have perceived, are numerous and complicated; they admit of no positive arrangement, being both excentric in their order and appearances. Redness of the eyes, with discharge from both eyes and nose, accompanied with ordinary signs of illness, are the early indications; but even these are not to be sought for, or to be expected in any single form. The judgment must be exercised, and study strengthened by experience will alone enable any man to pronounce the presence of distemper in many cases; while, perhaps, without knowledge or practice any person may recognise it in the generality of instances.

The treatment is rendered the more difficult because of the insidious nature of the disorder, and the uncertain character of its symptoms; under such circumstances, it is no easy task to make perfectly clear those instructions I am about to give. I am in possession of no specific; I do not pretend to teach how to conjure; I am going only to lay down certain rules which, if judiciously applied, will tend to take from this disease that fatal reputation which it has hitherto acquired. I shall be obliged, however, to leave much to the discretion of the reader; for it would employ too great a space, did I attempt to make provision for all possible accidents and probable combinations.

The diet is of all importance; it must be strictly attended to. In the first place, meat or flesh must be withheld. Boiled rice, with a little broth from which the fat has been removed, may be the food of a weakly animal, but for the majority bread and milk will be sufficient; whichever is employed must be given perfectly cold. Sugar, butter, sweet biscuits, meat, gravy, greens, tea or pot liquor—either luxuries or trash, must be scrupulously denied in any quantity, however small. Skim-milk, if perfectly sweet, is to be preferred, and coarse bread or ship biscuits are better than the same articles of a finer quality. These will form the diet, when the dog can be brought to accept them; and to rice, the favorite (however great may be the pity he elicits, or however urgent may be his solicitations for a more liberal fare) must be rigidly confined. If, after a few trials, the dog stubbornly refuses such provender, meat must of necessity be given, but it should be of the very best description, and rather underdone. Of this kind, it ought to be minced, and mixed with so much rice or ship biscuit as the animal can at first be made to eat with it; the rice or biscuit may then be gradually increased; and in the end the vegetable substance will constitute, at all events, the major part of the support. Water, constantly changed (a circumstance too little attended to where dogs are concerned), must be the only drink; the bed must be warm and dry, but airy. Cleanliness cannot be carried to too nice an extent; here the most fastidious attention is not out of place. Let the kennel be daily cleaned, and the bed regularly changed at least thrice a week; straw or hay is better for the dog to sleep upon than cushions or blankets, which being more expensive, are not so frequently replaced. Too much hay or straw cannot be allowed; but on the other hand, it is difficult to regulate the quantity of the finer articles. In the last kind of bed the animal is often almost smothered, or else he scrapes them into a lump, and lies shivering on the top; whereas, when he has straw to lie upon, he can either creep beneath it, and shelter himself when sensible of cold, or expose himself to the air when oppressed by the fever. The sensations being the only guide, it is best to leave the dog, as much as possible, capable of obeying its instinct; but always let the bed be ample, as during the night the shivering generally prevails, and the cold fit is entirely independent of the heat to be felt at the skin, or the temperature of the season. Let the dog be kept away from the fire, for if permitted, it will creep to the hearth, and may be injured by the falling cinders, when the burn will not perhaps readily heal. A cold or rather cool place is to be selected, one protected from wet, free from damp, and not exposed to wind or draughts. The kennel, if properly constructed, is the better house, for dogs do best in the open air; the only objection to which is, the chance it offers of the animal being drenched with rain. If the kennel can be placed under an open outhouse, I should always have it put there; and what else I would recommend is, of course, told by the line of conduct which I pursue.

Medicinal measures are not to be so quickly settled. A constant change of the agents employed will be imparative, and the practitioner must be prepared to meet every symptom as it appears. The treatment is almost wholly regulated by the symptoms, and as the last are various, of course the mode of vanquishing them cannot be uniform. To guide us, however, there is the well-known fact, the disease we have to subdue is of a febrile kind, and has a decided tendency to assume a typhoid character; therefore, whatever is done must be of a description not likely to exhaust; depletion is altogether out of the question. The object we have to keep in view is the support of nature, and the husbanding of those powers which the malady is certain to prey upon: in proportion as this is done, so will be the issue. In the very early stage, purgatives or emetics are admissible. If a dog is brought to me with reddened eyes, but no discharge, and the owner does no more with regard to the animal than complain of dulness, a want of appetite, and a desire to creep to the warmth, then I give a mild emetic such as is previously directed, and this I repeat for three successive mornings; on the fourth day administering a gentle purge. The tarter emetic solution and purgative pills I employ for these purposes, in preference to castor oil or ipecacuanha, and during the same time I prescribe the following pill:—Ext. belladonna, 6 to 24 grains; Nitre, 1 to 4 scruples; Extract of gentian, 1 to 4 drachms; Powdered quassia, a sufficiency. Make into 24 pills, and give three daily; choosing the lowest amount specified, or the intermediate quantities, according to the size of the animal.

Often under this treatment the disease will appear to be suddenly cut short; with the action of the purgative, or even before it has acted, all the symptoms will disappear, and nothing remains which seems to say any further treatment is required. I never rest here, for experience has taught me that these appearances are deceptive, and the disorder has a disposition to return; consequently strict injunctions are given as to diet, and a course of tonics is adopted:—Disulphate of quinine, 1 to 4 scruples; Sulphate of Iron, 1 to 4 scruples; Extract of gentian, 2 to 8 drachms; Powdered quassia, a sufficiency. Make into 20 pills, and give three daily.

At the same time I give the liquor arsenicalis, which I prepare not exactly as is directed by the *London Pharmacopœia*, but after the following method:—

Take any quantity of arsenious acid, and adding to it so much distilled water as will constitute 1 ounce of the fluid to every 4 grains of the substance, put the two into a glass vessel; to these put a quantity of carbonate of potash equal to that of the acid, and let the whole boil until the liquid is perfectly clear. The strength is the same as the preparation used in human practice; the only difference is, the coloring and flavoring ingredients are omitted, because they render the medicine distasteful to the dog. The dose for the dog is from 1 to 3 drops; it may be carried higher, but should not be used in greater strength, when a tonic or febrifuge effect only is desired.

Of the liquor arsenicalis I take 10 or 20 drops, and adding 1 ounce of distilled water, mingled with a little simple syrup, I order a teaspoonful to be given thrice daily with the pills, or in a little milk, or in any fluid the creature is fond of. The taste being pleasant, the dog does not object to this physic; and it is of all importance that it should be annoyed at this time as little as may be possible.

Numerous are the cases which have thus been shortened by this method; and the advantage gained by this mode of treatment is, that if the measures employed be not absolutely necessary, they do no harm; and, if required, they are those which are calculated to mitigate the violence of the disease; so, for three or four weeks, I pursue this course, and should all then appear well, I dismiss the case.

Most generally, however, the dogs brought to us with the distemper have the disease fairly established before we see them; then I never purge nor vomit; the time when such agents could be remedial has passed, and if now used, though they will seem to do some immediate good, the after consequences are always to be regretted. The action of the purgative has scarcely subsided before the distemper assumes a more virulent form, and the probability of the termination is rendered more dark. During the distemper I pay little attention to the bowels; and, however great may be the costiveness, I never venture to resort even to a laxative, though, should I discover the rectum to be impacted with hard fæces, an enema may be employed. That which I use on these occasions is composed of gruel, to which some sulphuric ether and laudanum has been added.

Cold gruel, 1 quart; Sulphuric ether, 4 drachms; Laudanum, 1 scruple.

The above quantity will be ample for the largest dog, one-eight will be enough for a small animal, and for a mere pup an ounce of the fluid is often sufficient. In these cases, however, I always continue the injection until it is returned; the object not being to have it retained, but simply to lubricate the part, and thereby to facilitate the passage of the fæces, while by distending the rectum, that intestine is stimulated to expel its contents. The ether and laudanum are introduced to guard against the possibility of irritation. If a more than usual disposition to costiveness be observed, twice a week a meal of liver, chopped very fine, is allowed; but even this should be given only after there is absolute proof of its necessity.

Of the cough, however distressing it may be, I take no notice. I do nothing for its relief, but persevere in the tonic treatment, and become more strict in my directions concerning diet. The cough is only one of the symptoms attendant on the disorder, and the measures likely to mitigate its severity will aggravate the disease; while, by attacking the disorder, we destroy the cause, and with that the effect also disappears.

The eyes I treat, or rather refuse to treat, upon the same principle. Whatever may be the appearance they present—even though the animal should be actually blind, the eye of a dull thick white color on its entire surface, and the centre of the cornea ulcerated—nevertheless, I let them alone, and turn a deaf ear to the entreaties which call on me to relieve so terrible an affliction: I forbid even the discharge to be washed off. Nothing must go near them; but the treatment must be pursued as though we were ignorant that the parts were affected. Any excessive accumulation may be gently picked off with the fingers once a day; but even this must be performed with the utmost caution, and, in most instances, had better be let alone. It can only be necessary in dogs that have very long hair, which becomes matted and glued together upon the cheeks; for other animals it is not imparative. If the lids should be stuck together, the fastening substance may be removed; but it should not be too quickly done even then. All water, either warm, tepid, or cold, every kind of lotion, or any sort of salve or powder, will do harm, by either weakening or irritating the organs. As to bleeding, blistering, and setoning, which have been advised, they are contrary to the dictates of humanity, and, as a necessary consequence, are injurious. In medicine, at least with the dog, that which is not kind is not good. With these animals the feelings are much safer than the reason; and a lady, consulting the impulses of her heart, would be more likely to save her favorite than a veterinary surgeon, who proceeded upon the practice of that which he supposed was his science. Let the eyes of the sufferer alone; we cannot alleviate the pain, or shorten its duration. The disease regulates the torture, and to that we must give attention. If the distemper is conquered, the sight will mostly be restored; but if the eyes are tampered with, consequences may ensue, which are not natural to the disease, but are induced by the crude and cruel prejudices of the doctor. The man who, during distemper, seeing an ulcer upon the cornea, under the imagination that by so doing he will set up a healthy action, presumes to touch it with lunar caustic, will, in the resistance of the poor patient, be rebuked, and, by the humor of the eye squirting into his face, probably be informed that he has accomplished the very object he intended to prevent, while a fungoid mass will spring up to commemorate his achievement.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A BUCKEYE OPINION OF DANCING IN WASHINGTON.

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the Cleveland Plain Dealer thus writes in relation to the late festival at the house of Senator Douglas, at Washington. He says:

The entertainment consisted of dancing, eating, talking and laughing—each one doing well their part. The dancing is peculiar; as in New York, the Lancier Quadrilles are all the go. It is an English dance and invented by the amateurs at the seige of Sebastopol, and dedicated to the French. There is considerable bowing in it, requiring a peculiar kind of music—otherwise it resembles the well known Caledonian Quadrille. But the fancy dances here are horrible; there is neither grace nor gentility in them; the poetry of the motion is lost in the ferocity of action; a couple grapple with each other as if wrestling, and turn and trip and turn, like amateur gladiators. This is all done in a small ring, formed circular like a dog fight; the lady, held in close contact by the gentleman, drops her chin on the gentleman's bosom and looks up, because she has nowhere else to look; the gentleman bends over her in the shape of a half moon, and, of course looks down, for he has nowhere else to look; the right arm of the gentleman and the left of the lady are used as grapnels, while the other two arms, locked at the fingers, extend at length either at right angles or parallel with their bodies, often changing positions, and working up and down, on the principle of a pump-handle. Thus accountered, they slide into a ring, whirl and twirl a few times, and then slide out, when another couple take their place. The spectators are staid old gentlemen and their wives, portly middle aged ladies, unmated gentlemen, and unlearned fancy dancers of all classes, form a ring around these exhibitors from five to fifty deep. They stand and stare until the music stops, when the crowd disperses. We saw the French ladies, composing in part the suite of Count Sartiges, watching with much interest these gyrators; and chattering French incessently, but would not dance.

"DIDN'T SEEM TO HAVE AN APPETITE."

THE "Editor's Table" of the Knickerbocker for March has, as usual, some good things. Among others, it copies the following excellent advice of Dr. Hall, of the "Journal of Health," to his consumptive friends: "You want air, not physic; you want pure air, not medicated air; you want nutrition, such as plenty of bread will give, and they alone; physic has no nutriment; gaspings for air cannot cure you; monkey capers in the gymnasium cannot cure you; and stimulants cannot cure you. If you want to get well, go in for beef and out-door air, and do not be deluded into the grave by advertisements and unreliable certificates." Upon this, "Old Knick" thus comments: "Ah! but, doctor, suppose your 'consumptive friend' 'don't seem to have no apppetite,' as an octogenarian lady told us Major Andre didn't, when she offered him five beautiful peaches on the morning of his execution! 'They was beautiful: he bit one of 'em, smiled, and thanked me very polite; but somehow or 'nother he didn't seem to have no appetite.' It may be so with many a 'consumptive friend,' and in one respect for a similar reason: their hours are numbered, and they know it."

A HARD STORY.

THERE is a doctor in the north-western part of this consolidated city, who is especially remarkable for being, as the women term it, "short and crusty." A week or two since he was called to visit a patient who was laboring under a severe attack of cheap whiskey.

"Well, doctor, I'm down, you see; completely floored; I 've got the Tremendous Delirum, you know!"

"Tremens, you fool; where'd you get your rum?" queried the doctor.

"All over in spots; broke out promiscuously, doctor."

"Served you right. Where did you get your rum?"

"Father died of the same disease; took him under the short ribs and carried him off bodily."

"Well, you've got to take something immediately."

"You're a trump, doctor; here, wife, I'll take a nip of old rye."

"Lie still, blockhead. Mrs. B., if your husband should get worse before I return, which will be in an hour, just give him a dose of that trunk strap; maybe that'll fetch him to a sense of his folly."

The doctor sailed out grandly, and within an hour sailed in again, and found his friend of the "Delirium Tremendous" in a terrible condition; writhing and struggling with pain. His wife, a female of the plain, but ignorant school, came up, and laying her hand upon the doctor's, said:

"Doctor, I gave him the strap, as you directed."

"Did you thrash him well?"

"Thrash him!" exclaimed the astonished woman; "no, but I cut the strap into hash and made him swallow it!"

"Oh, Lord! doctor," roared the victim, "I swallowed the leather, but—but—"

"But what?"

"I swallowed the whole strap, but I'm d——d if I could go the buckle."

The doctor administered two bread pills and evaporated.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

THEORETICAL SOLUTION

OF HERR SZEN'S THREE-PAWN PROBLEM.—WALKER.

THERE are two legitimate modes of winning the Szen position; I cannot define a third. The first method of winning is by the Attack's so pushing on his Pawns, as to compel the Defence to enter the cage they present, or, what is tantamount thereto, to place his K before them, should they present a convex instead of a concave form. You compel him thus to place his K, as the only means of preventing your going at once to Queen; having previously ascertained that your own K can stop his three P's, by so fixing himself in advance that they are forced to move, and be picked up in detail: his K being closed up, a prisoner, by your Pawns. The Defence now takes up the opposition, but you take it up last; and the *onus* of moving being thrown upon his P's, their defeat is inevitable. If he adopt the alternative of retrograding with K, your P's advance to Q by their own weight.

In the second mode of winning, the Attack first secures the opposition vs. the P's; seating himself in the centre of the three, or so placing himself in their van that neither one of them can move without being captured. In doing this, the Attack has previously ascertained that he thereby forces the Defence to move, and, as he cannot play either of his P's, he must retreat his K, so that your P's advance of themselves to conquest.

It may be further laid down as a general principle that, the Pawns win by their own specific gravity, should they be able first to establish two of the three, *unattacked*, at their fifth squares, while the third remains unmoved. The knowledge of this is a point of great importance.

Now the reason why the party having the first move can win by force, arises from this:—he can, through the move, first place himself in such a relation with the adverse force that he is secure of gaining either the one or the other of the winning alternatives, according to the counter-play of his adversary. The Attack accordingly begins by playing his K across, so as to prevent the Defence from fixing two P's at their 5th sqs, unattacked, the third remaining unmoved. Should he then hopelessly advance his P's, your own gain the victory in the interim. The Kt's 3d sq is the grand pivot of action for the K; commanding the Kt's file, and prepared to act according to circumstances.

The Defence, also, has two legitimate modes of proceedure—the one being to push on his P's, the other to seat his K as early as possible in front of the adverse Pawns. Should he push on his P's, you immediately oppose them with K; and then, before he can get his K sufficiently round, you will be able either to fix two P's unattacked at their 5th sqs, or else advance them, so as to secure their going to Queen. Should it be, on the other hand, his early play to march K so as to confront your P's, you compel him to cage himself within their grasp, or otherwise place himself, so as to be equally blocked; while your own K, the Defence being now compelled to move his P's, can slaughter his foes in detail. The whole turns on the advantage of the first move, and teaches a most important lesson as to the value of one move at a particular time. Being second player originally, neither party has time to perform either one of the winning conditions. You cannot first encage the Attack's K within your P's, without, in so doing, suffering him to push two P's to their 5th, unattacked, with the third unmoved; nor can you play your K to the front of his P's, without his being shut up in their embrace, so as to be enlocked irretrievably, while your own P's must march on, by the common laws of the game, to speedy destruction.

I pronounce this to be the finest piece of Pawn-play I have ever met with, and recommend all amateurs to practice it *as a game*, until they see clearly WHY THE MOVE WINS; and until they are prepared to play the Attack correctly, in every contingency which may arise from the opposing tactics of the Defence.

The winning side has frequently a choice of moves equally correct; this is worthy of notice. There exists one class of errors, *one* of which the Attack may commit, and yet draw the game; as, for instance, if for his first move he advance R P two steps. After this error the Attack can draw by force, but cannot win, if the Defence answer correctly. A second error would give the winning power to the Defence. There exists a second class of errors, of graver nature, to commit any one of which would cost the Attack the game.

Drawn games can only arise through the commission, by the Attack, of an error of the simpler description; such as pushing the R P, on the first move, instead of playing the K. All drawn games from Szen's position turn upon the same point; the P's having taken up such a situation that either party moving one of them would lose the game. Both players, consequently, must persist in moving the K backwards and forwards, upon certain sqs, and the game is drawn.

HOME AGAIN.—Mister Fuller, of whom some few of the Chess fraternity may have heard before he started out in the political campaign of '56, has again resumed the pen, the services he rendered the political party to which he was attached having been but poorly requited. Although never a great admirer of the abilities of Mister Fuller, still we believe he did work enough for the party, such as it was, to entitle him to the favorable consideration of those for whom he labored. We trust he may prove more successful in his present avocation, and in return for his services receive a more fitting remuneration.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. W. F., New York.—We must acknowledge that your last move has given us check, and that it is difficult to parry, since we find on your board a piece our game does not possess, *viz:* a foul-mouthed blackguard to do dirty work for us, which our self respect forbids our doing ourselves. Facts or arguments your scavenger has none; his scurrility and falsehoods we are utterly incapable of retorting. The whole quarrel under which you so writhe is an excellent illustration of the apothegm, "nothing but the truth ever injures a man."

UN PION.—That is good news and an excellent proposition; such an advertisement would, no doubt, assist you materially.

AGAMENTICUS, Lynn, Mass.—Your last long letter was duly rec'd, and very welcome. We trust the friendly relations now established may continue through many years. We shall assuredly correspond with you occasionally.

B. W., Jersey City.—A good old Giuoco Piano, of the straight-forward school; a game which everybody praises but few play. We heartily wish you pleasure and instruction from your contest.

C. P.—Your End-Game will appear as an Enigma.

H. A. B., Detroit, Mich.—Letters must reach us by Tuesday M., to have Match Game moves appear the same week. At your distance away, we presume you could hardly answer your opponent so soon as that, particularly when the situations become difficult. To counterbalance this, somewhat, if your letters are here by Thursday, we have at present means of communicating with "Cricketer," so that his reply will often appear with your move.

WEST POINTER, Providence, R. I.—Thanks for your welcome visit; such a "variation" breaks up the monotony of our present way of living with pleasant recollections which last many a day.

CAMBRIDGE, Boston, Mass.—Thank you most cordially for the valuable information so promptly forwarded. Used below. When the second round of your Tournament is finished, will you give us all the victors' names in the first, with the pairing and full particulars of the second?

G. H. H., Boston.—You are right about Problem 102, and we are the more sorry as it spoils a very pretty conceit.

ALONZO, Salem, Mass.—"X. Y. Z." being now at liberty to proceed to his engagement with you, offers at once to put a game with you in the place of his late game with "Metellus." Shall we "trot you out?"

METELLUS, Boston.—Shall you immediately demand your *revanche?*

X. Y. Z., SENIOR.—The game you mention, has been preserved for the express purpose of accompanying your own game. Thank you for so readily acceding to our request.

WAKEMCO, Wareham, Mass.—You must excuse us for the apparent inattention to your request in the matter of Herr Bayer's four-move problem; we will get to it next week.

EN PRISE, Newark, N. J.—Problem 102 is solvable in 6 moves, sure. We have now at hand Bolton's problem you requested of us; will give it as an Enigma, and the solution in due time. Many thanks for your long and very friendly letter, but we shall not need to avail ourselves of your very kind offer.

☞ We would call the particular attention of all our ablest Problem composers to the "Gem" of this week, which is, we believe, quite new in this country; as it is from a very rare work, of which we believe the only copy in this city, at least, is to be found in our library. This being crowded out last week gives an opportunity to say that the present closes this series; and with No. 12 we shall go back again to the low figures, commencing "by request" with the "Indian Problem."

CHESS IN BOSTON.—The 1st section of the Tournament is completed, and the 2d is in enthusiastic progress.

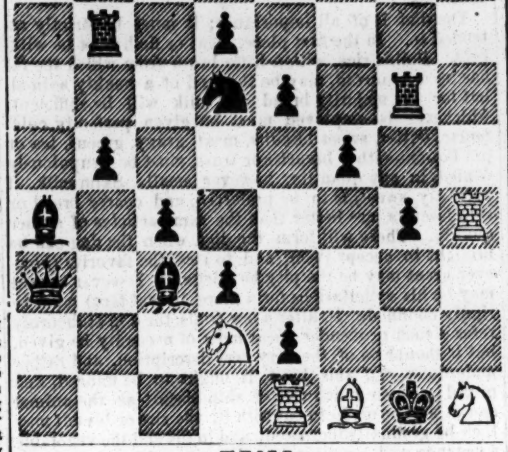
The grand match between Messrs. Wade and Hammond is already concluded, the score standing:

At Q R,	Mr. W.,	5;	Mr. H.,	0
At Q Kt	"	2;	"	3
At P and 2	"	1;	"	4
At P and 1	"	2;	"	3
At Even	"	2;	"	3
Grand total.....		12		13

GEMS FROM THE GIANTS.—NO. 11.

"THE AGGRESSION."—BY HERR KLING.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and compel Black to mate in nineteen moves.

SOLUTIONS.

OF ENIGMA NO. 98.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..K to Q Kt 5	K to his 4 *forced*	3..Kt to Kt 6 +	K to his 5
2..R-Q B 6	R × B (1)	4..R mates	
	(1)		
2..	K to his B 5 (2)	3..Kt to Kt 6 +, and 4..B mates	
	(2)		
2..	K to Q 5 (3)	3..R to K 6, and 4..Kt mates	
	(3)		
2..	P to K R 4 (4)	3..B to K Kt 3 +, and 4..Kt mates	
2..Lastly, if B to K 8		3..B × R, and mates next move.	

Isn't that splendid? It appears to have baffled our entire corps of problem solvers.

OF ENIGMA NO. 99.

☞ A mate *on the move;* but we take no responsibility beyond knowing that it was correctly copied from the *Era.*

OF ENIGMA NO. 100.—BY ALONZO.

1..K to Q B 6	P moves	5..P to Kt 6	P × P
2..P-Q R 4	P × P	6..P-R 4	P moves
3..P-Kt 5 +	K-R 4	7..K-B 5	" "
4..P-Q R 3	P moves of Pawn play.)	8..P × P, mate.	(Fine "piece"

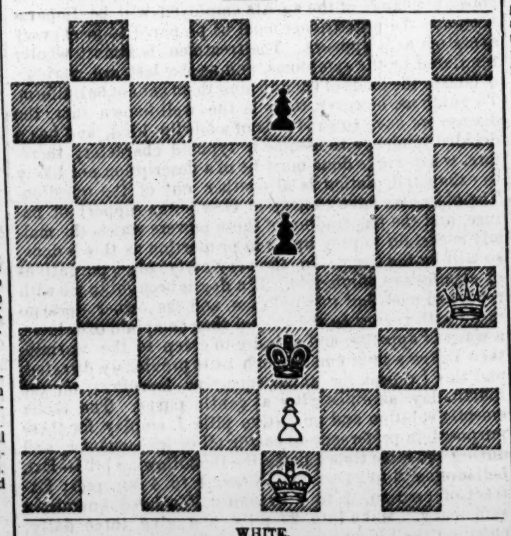
OF ENIGMA NO. 101.

1..P to Q B 6	K to Q 3 (1)	3..P to Q R 6, and the *partie* is
2..B P × P	K-Kt 2	drawn.

(1) If Black take the P, White would win by 2..P to Kt 6th. (A valuable little lesson.)

PROBLEM NO. 105.—BY JACOB ELSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

GAME NO. 105.

J. W. Stone, M. D., of the Boston Chess Club, plays blindfold with Mr. E——, of the same club.

FRENCH DEFENCE.

Attack, Dr. Stone.	Defence, Mr. B——.	Attack, Dr. Stone.	Defence, Mr. B——.
1..P to K 4	P to K 3	23..Kt × B P (*b*)	K B × B +
2..P-Q 4	P-Q 4	24..K × K B	Q-her Kt 3 +
3..P-K 5	P-Q B 4	25..K-his B sq	K-Q 2
4..P-Q B 3	Q Kt-B 3	26..Q-her R 4	R-Q B sq
5..P-K B 4	Q-her Kt 3	27..Kt-Q R 7 (*c*)	R-Q B 3
6..K Kt-B 3	Q B-Q 2	28..Q × R +	Q × Q
7..Q B-K 3 (*a*)	Q × Kt P	29..Kt × Q	Kt-K Kt 5
8..Q Kt-Q 2	Q × B P	30..P-K R 3	Kt-K 6 +
9..Q B-K B 2	B P × P	31..K-Kt sq	P-K B 3
10..Q R-Q B sq	Q-her R 4	32..Kt-Q Kt 4	B P × P
11..K Kt × P	Q × R P*	33..P × P	P-K Kt 4
12..K B-Q Kt 5	Q R-Q B sq	34..R-Q R sq	P-K Kt 5
13..Castles	K B-Q Kt 5	35..R-Q R 7 +	K-home
14..Kt × Q Kt	Q B × Kt	36..R × K R P	Kt P × P
15..Kt-K B 3	Kt-K R 3	37..Kt P × P	Kt-K B 4
16..Kt-Q 4	K-Q 2	38..P-K R 4	K-his B sq
17..K B × B +	Kt P × B	39..R-K R 5	P-Q 5
18..Q R-home	Q-her B 5	40..K-his B 2	K-his B 2
19..R × R P +	R-Q B 2	41..K-home	Kt-Kt 6
20..Q-her R sq	B-Q B 4	42..R-K R 8	K-Kt 3
21..Q R × R +	K × Q R	43..R-Kt 8 +	K-B 4
22..R-Q B sq	Q-her Kt 5	44..R × Kt, and wins.	

[For this game, with its notes, we are indebted to our contributor E. J. W.]

(*a*) A bad oversight.

(*b*) Kt takes K P, would have been better.

(*c*) Kt to Q Kt 8th, forces mate in three or four moves.

* With sufficient advantages, we believe, to have won the game. Some of his moves, after the Attack's castling, appear to have been made to see whether the Dr. really had a clear comprehension of the position.—ED.

ENIGMA NO. 105.—PALAMEDE.

FOR STUDENTS.

WHITE.—K at Q 2; P's at K Kt 2, K B 2, and Q B 4th.

BLACK.—K at Q B 3; P's at Q 5, K Kt 4, and 5th.

Black to move, but White to demonstrate a won game in three moves.

SKIRMISH.

Our contributor G. H. H. giving the Q Kt to a young player of the Boston Chess Club.

PETROFF'S DEFENCE.

Attack, G. H. H.	Defence, Amateur.	Attack, G. H. H.	Defence, Amateur.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	11..P to K B 4	Q to her B 4
2..Kt-K B 3	K Kt-B 3	12..Q-K Kt 3	Castles
3..Kt × K P	Kt × K P	13..P-Q Kt 3	P-K 6
4..Q-K 2	P-Q 3 (*a*)	14..Kt-K B sq	Q-her Kt 5 +
5..Kt-K B 3	P-Q 4	15..K-his 2	Q-her B 6
6..P-Q 3	Q B-K B 4	16..Kt × K 2d P	Q × R
7..Q P × Kt	Q P × P	17..Kt × Q B	K B-his 3
8..Q-K 3	K B-K 2	18..Kt-K R 6 +	K-R sq
9..Kt-Q 2	Q-her 4	19..Kt × B P +	K-Kt sq
10..K B-Q B 4	Q-K 4	20..Kt-K 5 dis +	K-B sq, and the Attack mates by force in three moves.

(*a*) An error; the student will perceive how the Defence proceeds at once to give back his odds—and lose the game. Q to K 2d, is the proper reply in this branch of the opening; continued thus:—

4..	Q to K 2	7..P to K B 4	Q Kt to Q 2
5..Q × K Kt	P-Q 3	8..Q Kt-B 3	B P × Kt, but,
6..P-Q 4	P-K B 3	play as he may, must lose a P.	

But the truth is the primary error of the above game is at the 3d move of the Defence, which should have been P to Q 3d; it might then have continued:

3..	P to Q 3		9..B P × P	Q B × P
4..K Kt to B 3	K Kt × P		10..Q Kt-B 3	Kt × Kt
5..P-Q 4	P-Q 4		11..P × Kt	P-Q B 4
6..K B-Q 3	K B-Q 3 (1)		12..P-Q B 4	Q B × Kt
7..Castles	Castles		13..Q × Q B	B P × P
8..P-Q B 4	Q B-K 3		14..Q × Kt P	Q Kt-Q 2, and the positions are equal.

(1) Lewis quotes these moves from Jænisch in the *Palamede:* in his own work Maj. J. gives a multitude of variations upon this game, one of which we will try to get room for.

6..	Q Kt to B 3		11..Q Kt to B 3	K Kt to his 4
7..Castles *best*	K B-K 2 *best*		12..Q B × Kt	P × B
8..P-Q B 4	Q B-K 3		13..K Kt-K 5	Kt × Kt
9..Q B-K 3 (2)	if P-K B 3		14..Q P × Kt, with the better game.	
10..P × P	B × P			
9..	if K B to his 3		13..K Kt × B	Q × K Kt
10..B P × P	Q B × P		14..Q Kt × B	Q × Q Kt
11..Q Kt-B 3	K Kt-his 4		15..K R-K sq +	Q Kt-K 2
12..Q B × Kt	K B × B		16..Q-K 2	Q-her 3, and the Attack has the better situation.

(2) A very remarkable set of positions may arise if the Attack play here, Q to her Kt 3d. We will give some of them on a future occasion.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA.

GAME SECOND—EVANS GAMBIT.

White—Philadelphia.	Black—Boston.
25..Kt to K 4	P to Q B 5
26..P to K Kt 5	K B to Q Kt 3
27..K Kt P × K B P	K R takes P

BETWEEN X. Y. Z., SENIOR, AND EN PRISE.

Black—X. Y. Z.	White—En Prise.
20..P to K B 4	Kt to Q 6
21..Q R to Q Kt sq	P to K R 3
22..B to K R 4	K Kt takes P

BETWEEN LOPEZ AND METELLUS.

Black—Lopez.	White—Metellus.
9..K B P takes Q	Q B to K Kt 5
10..Q Kt to B 3	P to Q R 3
11..Q Kt to Q 5	

BETWEEN H. A. B. AND CRICKETER.

White—H. A. B.	Black—Cricketer.
6..Castles	P to Q 3
7..P to Q 4	K P takes P
8..B P takes P	K B to Q Kt 3

BETWEEN B. W., JR., AND G. H. H.

Black—B. W., Jr.	White—G. H. H.
3..K B to Q B 4	K B to Q B 4
4..P to Q B 3	K Kt to B 3
5..P to Q 4	

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

ANDERSON'S WORK ON DRAUGHTS.

THIS work, the most reliable Draught book ever published, containing the Standard Laws of the Game, with numerous games, diagrams, &c., &c., is now for sale at the CLIPPER office. Price, $2 per copy. Copies forwarded to all parts of the country on receipt of the price.

☞ Owing to the space occupied by Martin's article on "Naming the Openings," we omit the "Theory of the Move" this week. It will be resumed in our next.

A CARD.

KEENE, N. H., Feb. 19, 1858.

Dear Sir: As the draught nomenclature, now open to us, is inconsistent in some points, and incomplete in others, I am glad to see these faults in course of being corrected. But we should be very careful about naming the openings anew, lest we fall into the same errors ourselves. I speak feelingly, for I received the high compliment of having an opening "dedicated to 'Martin,' of Boston;" and in honor of that worthy entitled the "Pioneer." A very convenient, good name; but unluckily the game was already known as the Cross, and I was deprived of the honor. To give an instance of inconsistency: Mr. Anderson says the Whilter is formed by the first five moves. Taking his own evidence, and no other, we find the following games styled Whilter:

1st.		2d.		3d.	
Black.	White.	Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..11 15	23 19	1..11 15	23 19	1..11 15	23 19
2.. 9 14	22 17	2.. 7 11	26 23	2.. 7 11	22 17
3.. 7 11	25 22	3.. 8 7	21 17	3..11 16	26 23
4..11 16	26 23	4..11 16	29 25	4.. 8 11	17 14
Or, by Var. 2,					
4.. 5 9	17 13				

I have given the four initial moves on each side to illustrate more clearly my point. Now, we at once see by tabling the different games called Whilter, that their difference is radical and important. Some latitude must, to be sure, be allowed, and in clear cases one should not adhere too strictly to the letter of the rules. Few players, knowing that the first of these two tabled openings was the "Suter," would hesitate to call the second the "Suter."

2d.				2d.			
1..11	15	23	19	1..11	15	23	19
2.. 9	14	22	17	2.. 8	11	22	17
3.. 6	9	17	13	3.. 9	14	25	22
4.. 2	6	25	22	4.. 6	9		

Yet this is not strictly according to rule. Black's three initial moves in the second game, to be real Suter, should be

1..11	15	and they are	1..11 15
2.. 9	14		2.. 8 11
3.. 6	9		3.. 9 14

But if we examine the games we shall find 8 to 11 a merely *neutral* move, so to speak, in no way essential to the opening. White, 11 to 15, 9 to 14, 6 to 9, appear in *every* game called Suter, although they may be a little displaced by intervening moves, as in the second example above. As I have refused to stick at trifles, (mere technicalities in considering the case of the Suter, as well as the Glasgow,) let me not be suspected of troubling you about a merely nominal difference in the case of the Whilter.

On examining the three openings called Whilter, we find 11 to 15 given *invariably*. This, then, is one of the moves that go to form the opening, and we may set aside, as ratified, 23 to 19 also. Then, how is it with 9 to 14? Clearly this is not essential, and should be stricken out. So, too, with 22 to 17; and we finally say the Whilter is formed by the *three* initial moves—11 to 15, 23 to 19, and 7 to 11. 9 to 14 is merely a neutral move, delaying the formation of the opening. (In the cases where it is played for Black's second move, as in Anderson's work.) The two following examples may be considered Whilters, although somewhat irregular in their formation.

1st.				2d.			
1..10	15	23	19	1..11	15	23	19
2.. 7	10			2.. 8	11	26	23
				3.. 3	8		

The latter being the position obtained by the same number of moves in Anderson's first variation. It was proposed, some time ago, that the following opening—1..11 to 16, 22 to 18, should be called the Bristol. In other words, that the opening should consist of one move! This strikes me as being a little too summary. I should hesitate about calling *that* an "opening." "Know Nothing" proposes to call the opening, styled by Anderson "Will o' the Wisp," and by Drummond the "Provost," the "Side Move and Middle Exchange." The "Will o' the Wisp" and the "Provost" are unmeaning names, *I* grant; but we must remember that they have some signification to the authors. Anderson gives an account of the name "Will o' the Wisp," which only shows that it was a very *bad* name. Of the name "Provost" I know nothing whatever, but suppose there is some allusion in it, as in Anderson's names of "Laird and Lady," "Suter," "Glasgow," and the like. As "Know Nothing's" proposed name is so long as to be inconvenient, and the other two names are *established*, (and of course it is well to keep the old names when we can, rather than make unnecessary changes,) I think we should choose *between* those two. For my part, I would adopt "Provost," as shorter and (I think) better in sound. It would be well (I think) for each contributor to the CLIPPER to send in such new names as he prefers, and we might *all* discuss them. This is a matter of some importance, as all who are in the habit of recording games can testify. Will J. McL. inform me whether his name of "Marengo" was a "fancy" name, or taken from some treatise?

Finally, let me say, that in differing from such distinguished authorities as my friend Mr. Mercer, I do so in all modesty, knowing that it better suits with my attainments in the game to be a pupil than a teacher. I am confident, moreover, that he desires the best name should be adopted rather than his own suggestion (if inferior,) and will receive these remarks in the same spirit that they are written in.

Yours sincerely, MARTIN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LE DIABLE, New York.—We have a copy of the CLIPPER bound (Vol. IV.) containing nearly all the draught matter required by you. You can obtain it at the office, No. 30 Ann street. Price $3 50.

PATRICIUS, New York.—Pardon us for not giving your letter entire. Want of space is our excuse.

H. L., Pittsburgh.—Your Card next week.

HARRY, of Buffalo.—Accept our best thanks for the "Cross." It shall appear. A Position from you would be acceptable. J. P. Sweet is at Lake George, Warren county, New York.

CLYDE, New York.—Go ahead, friend Clyde; will bear that Position in mind.

MACBETH, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.—We start Clyde and your Honor this week. Propel.

LEMIA, Boston.—Accept our thanks for the "Fife," played between Miss Sinclair and yourself. We will "face the music."

FAIR PLAY, Buffalo.—Firstly, we *will* accept your compliments, and return our's sincerely. Many thanks for "Suter." We think it will "suit us." Thanks for Position.

ON THE SQUARE, Williamsburgh, N. Y.—"Patricius" accepts your proposals entirely; and seconds your views throughout. He chooses Black, and moves 11 to 15.

ROUGH AND READY, Buffalo.—Will report in our next.

SPECTATOR, Buffalo.—Single Corner appears this week. Let us hear from you. Thanks for "Fife."

MARTIN, of Boston.—Your Card appears this week. Do you ever concoct any more Positions?

J. F., Philad'a.—Next week.

ALONZO, Salem, Mass.—More on hand. "Brevity" is "the soul of wit."

J. M., of Quincy.—Thanks. Will examine and report next week.

ACHILLES, Brooklyn, N. Y.—You will hear from us next week.

A. L. HUGGINS, Cumberland, Md.—Solutions correct.

N. GINE, Buffalo, N. Y.—Thanks for "Laird and Lady." Too late for examination this week. Look out for our next. Let us hear from you again.

DUSTY, New York.—E. F. S. has been at Washington. Foo Foo's Position *may* appear, when he sends the solution.

AMERICAN, Buffalo.—Will start you next week. We were looking at that "first Position" this morning. It *shall* appear.

J. McL., New York.—We repeat our assertion regarding the controversy between Know Nothing and yourself. It has long since ceased to interest our readers, and is essentially "run into the ground." Thanks for the game on Single Corner; it shall be examined.

NEMO, Princeton, N. J.—Your Card next week. We shall *not* forget.

KNOW NOTHING, Lancaster, N. Y.—Look out for us next week.

WOBURN, Winchester, MASS.—We do not remember the precise words used by J. S. regarding your play with Harry. Perhaps he can inform you.

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 195.

NEW SERIES.

BY A. L. HUGGINS.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..11 to 18	4 to 11	5..19 to 16	12 to 19
2.. 9 13	27 20	6.. 2 6	1 17
3..28 24	20 27	7..13 29	
4..18 15	11 18	and wins.	

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 196.

NEW SERIES.

BY "ACHILLES."

White.	Black.	8..14 to 9	7 to 14
1..32 to 27	31 to 24	4.. 9 11,	
2..23 26	30 23	and draws.	

GAME NO. 101.—NEW SERIES.

Played some time since between "Harry of Buffalo," and Mr. Jenkins.

FORWARDED BY SPECTATOR.

SINGLE CORNER.

Black, Harry.	White, Mr. J.	Black, Harry.	White, Mr. J.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	11..18 to 22	27 to 23
2..15 22	25 18	12.. 5 9	23 18
3..12 16	29 25	13.. 3 7	32 27
4..16 20	25 22	14.. 1 5 (*c*)	28 24(*d*)
5.. 8 12	18 15	15..12 16	19 3
6..10 19	24 15	16..10 28	3 1
7.. 4 8	21 17	17..28 32	13 6
8.. 7 10	23 19(*a*)	18..32 21	26 17
9.. 9 14	17 13	19..21 14,	
10..14 18	22 17 (*b*)	and wins.	

NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

(*a*) This "plugging" not unfrequently causes a "want of moves."

(*b*) Plenty of "warp," but seems to lack "filling."

(*c*) Decidedly "aggressive."

(*d*) The game is now critical and full of interest.

☞ The "finish" is fine and characteristic. "Harry" is a great master.

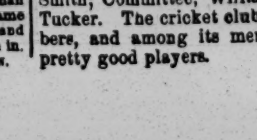
POSITION NO. 197.

NEW SERIES.

By Bond.

Dedicated to H. Brayton, Esq.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

POSITION NO. 198.

NEW SERIES.

By "Achilles."

Dedicated to T. L. Graham, Esq.

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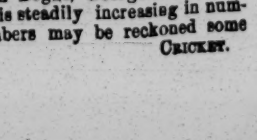


WHITE.

White to move and win.

MATCH GAMES

BETWEEN METELLUS AND A. F.

Black—Metellus.		White—A. F.	
12..11	16	18	15
13..14	18		

BETWEEN P. W. AND GREENHORN.

Black—Greenhorn.		White—P. W.	
3.. 8	11	29	25

BETWEEN ON THE SQUARE AND PATRICIUS.

Black, Patricius.	White, On the Square.
1..11 16	

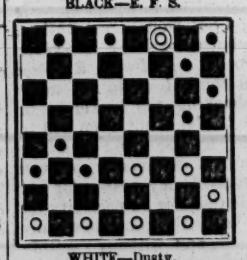
BETWEEN CLYDE AND MACBETH.

White, Macbeth.		Black, Clyde.	
2..22	17	11	15

MATCH GAME.

Between Dusty and E. F. S.

BLACK—E. F. S.



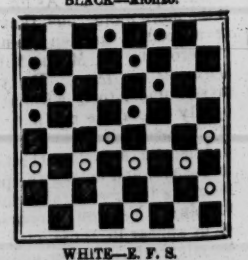
WHITE—Dusty.

Black to move.

MATCH GAME.

Between Alonzo and E. F. S.

BLACK—Alonzo.



WHITE—E. F. S.

White to move.

BASE BALL AND CRICKET IN BUFFALO.—Buffalo, New York, March 8, 1858.—MR. EDITOR—*Sir*—The establishment of a cricket club in this city has stirred up the ball players here, and led to the formation of an excellent base-ball club—the list of officers I herewith send. They hold their meetings at the house of Alderman A. S. Plumley, one of the right sort, and one of those men whom it does one good to call and see, and hear him laugh one of his hearty laughs. The club is composed of some of our best men, and it would take a right good club to beat them. Their President is Alderman Benjamin Dole; Vice-President, William S. Rice; Secretary, Charles E. Felton; Treasurer, Alderman A. S. Plumley. They play on the same ground as the cricket club, and between the two clubs there is the most amicable feeling. The cricket club met last Monday evening, for the election of officers, which resulted as follows: for President, D. Mansfield; Vice-President, Thomas Wright; Secretary, George Smith; Committee, William Boggs, George Relf, W. C. Tucker. The cricket club is steadily increasing in numbers, and among its members may be reckoned some pretty good players.

CRICKET.

AMUSEMENTS.

☞ NOTICE.—Managers of theatres and all other places of amusement will oblige us by refusing to allow any person purporting to be connected with the CLIPPER, to enter their establishments on the "free list." We give this notice, because we have reasons to believe that sundry individuals have been "ringing themselves in" on the strength of the CLIPPER. We distinctly wish it to be understood that *all* persons connected with this office "pay their way" to theatres, etc.

☞ CARD.—Information of interest to the theatrical profession is solicited from correspondents throughout the country. A "bill of the play," enclosed in an envelope, and addressed to us, will always receive attention. Minstrels, "show people," and all others in the world of amusements will oblige us, and consult their own interests by keeping this department posted in their "whereabouts," and "whatabouts." We make no charge for matter inserted in this department.

CITY SUMMARY.

The past week has not been very profitable, as a general thing, for our public places of amusements. With one or two exceptions, the theatres have been but poorly attended, although entertainments of unusual excellence were offered. It seems to be an undeniable fact that true genius is fast giving place to clap-trap and humbug. At Burton's Theatre, where those excellent artistes, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport, are performing, supported by a very fair company, the audiences have been quite small. On Saturday evening, in addition to those we have mentioned, Mr. McKean Buchanan appeared as Othello, to Mr. Davenport's Iago. During the week, neighbor Morford's new play, "The Struggle for Gold," was brought out here with a fine cast. Although some of the newspaper critics pronounce against it, yet that more honest and powerful umpire, the public, rendered a favorable verdict, and called forth the principal performers, as well as the author, to receive the well-deserved applause which was showered upon them. This, we believe, was the first representation on the stage of this city of any of Mr. Morford's plays, and he has reason to be proud of the reception this production met with. It might be well to state that the critic of the Herald had no interest in the success of the "Struggle," consequently he hoped to damn it with faint praise, and thus brush away an author that might hereafter stand in his own path.

The slogan of the Highlanders tells the tale at Wallack's, and a well-filled treasury attests the virtues of the illegitimate or gag drama. Dion Bourcicault, in giving us the drama of "Jessie Brown," with all his accompanying balderdash, improbabilities, and trash, shows that he did not feel the public pulse in vain when he introduced the initial drama of the blood-and-thunder series he is now treating (?) us to, "The Poor of New York," an abomination still running at the minor theatres throughout the country. Our taste for the beautiful and true is fast degenerating, and under the fostering care of the inimitable Bourcicault, whose resources are world-wide and boundless, we may soon be brought to that state of perfection which shall prepare us to enjoy those beautiful works of nature, the "model artists," in all their nude and unadorned loveliness. Wallack's, that beautiful little house, once known as a temple of the drama, is fast being converted into a mere "spout shop," where colored fires, rant, and legs, form the chief staples of commodity. We are promised another *new* piece, from the fertile pen of Dion and his predecessors, which will probably eclipse those that have preceded it. It is to be called "Brigham Young, or the Revolt of the Harem," which will afford a fine opportunity for the public display of the charms of some of the frail sisterhood, who may be engaged to give *eclat* to the tableaux. These are the only kinds of pieces that pay at present, and we presume the manager considers it his duty to appease the public appetite with that sort of fare which suits it best. When shall we have a revival in the legitimate dramatic world?

While the drama is fast losing *caste*, the minstrelsy business, on the other hand, is improving, the novelties and comicalities of our "cullud brethren" crowding the houses nightly—the weather, whether good or bad, making no difference. The "Bryants," whose success during the first year they have been among us is among the extraordinary events of the times, are, if such a thing can be possible, growing in public favor. Jerry Bryant took a benefit on the 6th, when he "spread himself" before one of the largest audiences ever "assembled within those walls." To say that there was fun, in earnest, would convey but a poor idea of the evening's entertainment. Jerry was unusually jolly; so was Dan; so were the entire company; it naturally follows that the audience were fully impressed with the spirit, and likewise became jolly. "Whar's my bandbox?" is on again for this week, with a new sketch, called the "Hop of Fashion." Neil Bryant takes a benefit on Saturday, the 13th, when another crowded house may be looked for.

When George Jordan dissolved partnership with his wife, it was one of the stipulations of the contract that he should contribute $8 per week towards the support of his former partner; but it seems he went to Boston, and failed to comply with that condition of the separation. So he was summoned to answer, but failed to appear, and a motion was made to forfeit his recognizances, which had not been settled at last accounts, but as our alphabetical critic of the Herald is said to be one of the "bail pieces," we do not think the forfeit will be declared. "Jordan is a hard road to travel."

"Green Bushes, or, Ireland and America one hundred years ago," has been the card at Laura Keene's during the week. It is cast to the strength of the company, and is brought out in most commendable style; notwithstanding which, it has failed to achieve that success for the fair manageress which her endeavors to please so richly merit. Miss Polly Marshall assists in the drama, but fails to put the kettle on. Mr. H. F. Daly has also a prominent part, but his nightly efforts to draw are equally futile. Mr. H A. Perry has not yet appeared here, but is soon expected.

The Italian Opera folks are not in raptures over the "Huguenots," brought out at the Academy of Music, for the first time, on Monday evening last. Puffs preliminary, and the usual dodges resorted to by the little Jew chap, got up quite a *furore*, but the rush was not tremendous. One of the flourishes with which this opera was announced, stated "that if the streets should be muddy on Monday night, all the way from Union Place to the Academy will be lit up with pitch torches.

Those divorces and marriages still agitate the public mind, and rumor has it that Lizzie Weston *may* have a chance to answer the charge of bigamy that *may* be preferred against her. This report, however, we believe to be mere gossip. Surely nobody will attempt to make unpleasant the first quarter of the new honeymoon of the "departed Lizzie." How would any of *us* like to be thus disturbed in the first stages of our connubial felicity?

This reminds us that they are about to bring out at the Museum the "Bride of an Evening," in a "style of voluptuous perfection." Now that sort of thing ought to draw—many of us are entirely ignorant how these bridal affairs are managed, and if our Museum friends really *do* intend to reveal the hidden mysteries that pertain to these little private arrangements only known to the initiated, we, with hundreds of others, may be induced, like the sailor, to "go one eye on it." Neighbor Watkins, hurry up the "Bride of an Evening," with all her lovely voluptuousness. In short, we long to see her.

The Broadway Circus remains without change, that is, in large quantities. Melville, Eason-Stone, Perry, Mad. Tournaire, etc., continue their marvellous performances. Their horses, albeit you never see *them* puffed, go through *their* part of the sport with becoming decorum and dignity. What would the performers be without their horses? Who knows?

Mr. Burton announces for representation on the 10th, a new five act "American drama," founded on the *coup d etat* of the present Emperor of France in 1851. Us Americans go a great way for subjects for American dramas.

Monday night was so dismal and stormy, that very few of our places of amusement did any sort of business. Wallack's, Bryant's, and the Academy, had fair audiences, but there was a poor show at the other places. It was expected that the Academy would present a perfect jam, being the first night of the Huguenots. We doubt if the first night paid.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

REPLY TO SPECTATOR.—*Dear Frank*: As you are already aware there is a considerable amount of rank jealously existing between the Dramatic Associations in general, to suppress which we cannot undertake, as the task would be an arduous one. How far the evil extends, is exemplified in "Spectator's" remarks on the T. D. A., which appeared in the CLIPPER's issue of last week. These remarks we cannot, in justice to ourself, let pass unnoticed. As for "Spectator," we imagine that he is an amateur whose "bile" was "riz" to an alarming extent at the success Mr. Warwick attained in his rendition of "Shylock," and to appease his wrath, he lets drive at the T. D. A. in a manner not commendable. It is apparent that "Spectator" bears anything but a generous feeling towards the members of the same, as he makes no exceptions in his *critical* remarks but one, the inestimable lady, Miss King. When compounding *his* criticism he seems to have forgotten that he was dealing with amateurs. If such was the case, his *severity* is pardonable; otherwise, he is to be censured. If Mr. Warwick's conception of the Jew, failed to meet with the approval of the seemingly over fastidious "Spectator," it is not mete that he should hold him to censure in a public print. Mr. Warwick made a true conception of

"The Jew
That Shakespeare drew."

And presented a comparatively faithful embodiment of Shakespeare's "Shylock." In the trial scene, particularly where "Spectator" finds cause to censure, he, Warwick, faithfully represented "the unbending, inflexible type of a race, no wrongs, nor contumelies could overcome." "Shylock" was avaricious and revengeful; conceiving this, Mr. Warwick, during the entreaties of "Portia" and the "Duke" to show mercy to "Antonio," like marble adamantine remained immoveable—not a sign was visible on his features that would give the least ray of hope to his benefactors. When "Portia" recited "Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate," he vividly portrayed the fearful emotions superinduced by the unexpected decision of the learned Doctor, thus proving to us that he made no misconception of the sordid Jew. And furthermore, were Mr. Warwick to appear again as "Shylock," he would not deviate one single step for all the *critics* that could be brought to bear against him. "Spectator's" remarks of "things insignificant" are unworthy of notice, and inconsistent with our views, as to how amateurs should be treated; entering into minor defects of an amateur is not essential to his advancement, but rather a barrier. "Spectator" would ostensibly feel slighted if we should serve him, as he did the members of the Club in question; therefore, he should have "let up" a little before he dictates to the Amateur Critic. To conclude, we would state to "Spectator" and our *legal adviser*, that when we find a greater cause to censure than he did, it shall be unhesitatingly done, but not at the dictation of a "Spectator." THE AMATEUR CRITIC.

A grand complimentary testimonial to Mr. J. M. Warren, will take place at the People's New Theatre, in 4th street, near Avenue A, on Thursday evening, March 11th. Several talented ladies and gentlemen have volunteered their services, assisted by the members of the G L Fox Dramatic Association. A good bill is announced, viz: "La Tour de Nesle," "Matteo Falcone," "The Toodles," and "Nan the Good for Nothing." Tickets can be had of any of the members; we wish the beneficiare a bumper. We also acknowledge our thanks for the special invitation sent us to attend. AMATEUR CRITIC.

A SHOT AT SPECTATOR.—DEAR CLIPPER: Having read the criticism of your *Amateur Critic* on the performance of the Thespian Dramatic Association, and also that of a person calling himself *Spectator*, I beg to say that I cannot altogether agree with the last named gentleman, who, it would seem, if we are to judge by the tone in which he writes, is more of an enemy than a friend to the Amateur cause. *Spectator* refers to Miss Nelson, as Portia, in the last scene of the "Merchant of Venice," and asserts that she held the apparent manuscript in such a manner that the form and size of a book was revealed, from which the spectators inferred she was reading her part. I noticed particularly that when the lady was delivering a sentence, or speech, she held the manuscript in such a manner as must have made it very difficult to have read from it. If the lady *did* read her part, I deny that the audience were aware of it. I was sitting near the stage, and the manuscript was not transparent enough to reveal to me the form and size of a book. *Spectator* also refers to Mr. Nelson in the last scene, and says that his best speeches were delivered with his back to the audience. The gentleman stood on the right side of the stage, and it was necessary for him to stand *sideways*, that he might be able to address Shylock, the court, and the audience at the same time. Mr. Warwick's Shylock was a fine performance, and well deserved the applause it received. I can fully endorse the statements of *Amateur Critic* in regard to the acting of Messrs. Harrison, Austin and Maxwell, and have no doubt that the greater part of the audience, (if their opinions were made known) would do the same. Is not *Spectator* somewhat prejudiced towards the Thespian Dramatic Association? If not, he would take some other means of making known to them their faults. *Spectator* refers to faults of the most trifling kind, such as are committed every day by those whose profession and study should at least partly teach them better. *Spectator* should not expect a company of amateurs to be entirely free from faults, or as finished as *professionals*. I am not in the least interested in regard to this subject, but having read the criticism of *Spectator*, and also that of *Amateur Critic*, these few ideas presented themselves to me.
GEORGE STANTON, 122 Fulton street, N. Y.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Owing to a lack of patronage, Sothern's theatre, in Halifax, is probably closed by this time, if the efforts making at last accounts to create a revival in its favor failed.

They still talk opera house in Baltimore, and it may be that the thing will take root. The little Jew fellow, Ullman, in reference to the proposed building, says:—"A sum of $120,000 will build a suitable, nay a magnificent Opera House; well stocked with scenery. By the first of December next, Baltimore could easily build such a house, which I would be glad to lease till the 31st of August, 1861, when my lease of the N. Y. Academy of Music expires. An union could thus be effected between the three Academies of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. I engage next season three companies: an Italian Opera, an English Opera, and a Grand Promenade Concert Company, under the direction of Monsieur Musard, from Paris, with whom I signed an engagement for two years. I would pledge myself to keep the house here open for at least six months during the year, and give not less than forty Musical Performances." The little fellow *talks* well, don't he?

Here's the best joke of the season. The renowned Bourcicault is said to have instituted suit against the manager of the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, for infringing his copyright of "The Poor of New York." Mr. Ford brought the piece out according to its former title of "Fraud and its Victims." Won't there be some rich sport if the parties try the suit on in Court!

A banjo player, named Phil Rice, who is mentioned as having taught Thalberg, the pianist, how to "play upon the old banjo," is reported as having died at Grand Lake, Arkansas, on the 4th of December last. It seems to us that this news has been a long time in reaching us. Bad news generally travels swiftly.

Johanna Wagner is about to return to the stage, in order to resuscitate the decayed fortunes of her paternal parient, the old gent having turned up dead broke. Johanna's determination is commendable.

Our western managers are great on creating sensations. A few evenings since, the manager of the Louisville theatre announced the tragedy of Richard the Third, with five different representatives of the crooked back tyrant, a Richard for each act. The work went bravely on.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Matthews have been succeeded at the Holliday Street, Baltimore, by young Booth.

Concerning the whereabouts of the various opera singers who have from time to time sang in this country, the following "schedule" may not prove uninteresting:—Grisi, Mario, De Wilhorst, Steffanone, Nantier, Didier, Alboni and Graziani are engaged at the Italian opera at Paris. Mlle. Hensler, at Genoa; Mme. de Vries and Morelli, the baritone, are at Milan. Neri-Beraldi, the delicious tenor of Castle Garden memory, and Mlle. Tedesdo, are delighting Lisbon. Mirate was engaged at Turin during the Carnival. Lorini and his wife (*nee* Whiting,) are at Florence. Bettini is at Madrid, Mme. Bosio in London, and Mme. Biscaccianti at St. Petersburg. Badiali is traveling in England, and Mme. Laborde is at Rio Janeiro.

Our correspondent, "Gus," thus speaks of matters and things in Richmond, Va:—Since my last, business has been "pulling up." Edwin Booth opened on the 23d of Feb. to one of the largest houses of the season; by six o'clock the doors and street were densely crowded by eager lovers of merit, and in an hour after the doors were opened there was not standing room in any part of the house, and hundreds of disappointed ladies and gentlemen were compelled to leave the establishment. He opened in Sir Giles Overreach, and astonished the natives by his masterly impersonation of this very difficult part. On Friday every seat was sold in the lower part of the house, and ladies were compelled to go in the second tier to get a seat. "Richard the Third" was the bill, and those of our company who have played in the same piece with his lamented father, say that he reminds them very much of that great actor. On the 23d, our managers, Kunkel & Co., tendered, free of charge, the use of the building, decorations, properties, &c., to the Mount Vernon Association. Edward Everett, Esq., and others, lectured to a very large audience. Among those discovered at the rise of the curtain were Mr. Everett, Gen. Winfield Scott, Mr. Yancy, (with Washington's cane and spy glass,) Gov. Wise and other eminent gentlemen. Among the ladies were the President of the M. V. A, who, on account of recent illness, was carried in a carriage to the theatre, Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie, and others. On Thursday, of the same week, the managers again tendered, free of charge, the use of the theatre for the benefit of the poor. When Mr. Everett went to Mr. Kunkel to settle, and on being told he had nothing to pay, he was perfectly astonished, and said he had never before met with such kindness, and he would never forget it. Mrs. J. B. Phillips made her first appearance in two weeks as the Queen, in "Richard;" her reception was extremely flattering. Mr. Booth plays during next week in Hamlet, King Lear, Othello, Apostate, Iron Chest, and Richard. His gentlemanly agent, Ben Baker, deserves credit for the manner in which he conducts the young tragedian's business.

Says Thespis, a Boston correspondent, Mrs. Farren commenced an engagement at the Museum, on the 1st inst., to a fair house. Local plays take best at that place. The Boston is crowded every night to see the Ravels, and I think if they remained here permanently the rush would be the same. It is said they remain another week. The Howard opened on the 1st to a good house, but it is thought they have got a "leetle" too much steam on to go a great ways. The National, I hear, opens soon under Mr. Thorne, but who his company will be I have not learned. I should think it would be a moral impossibility for any person to succeed with theatricals in that portion of the city; besides, if Mr. English and his crowd could not "go it" with his best man getting but $15 per week, I think it useless for any one else to try it. There are no less than eight lager bier saloons in operation here, and they are packed every night. Of course this must have a tendency to thin some other audiences; and I suppose there will be twenty-eight in as many more days if they continue coming into existence as they have done. This brings out all the "darkey" talent in the place, and at some places the "show" is first rate; it is the best paying business "out." The Morris Brothers, Pell and Huntley's Minstrels are doing grand. Sliter is liked much.

Our Albany correspondent, of date of March 6, says:—"Since writing you I saw my letter published in the CLIPPER of the 26th of Feb. It made quite a stir here, especially among the "ya ya's." W. N. Smith's band of Minstrels played at the theatre up to the 22d of Feb., when the house, for want of audiences, had to close. Smith and Dick Berthelow, who both call themselves the "champion bone players," got up an excitement to draw a good house; Dick challenged Smith, Smith accepted, and the trial of skill came off at Association Hall, on Tuesday last, and was decided in favor of Smith. The hall was well filled; Smith "raised the wind," and started for "York," leaving his company here minus the "dirgbats" to get away; I presume they are waiting for the opening of navigation. Smith and some of the "Nigs," together with some of our Albanians, went on a "*tare*" one night last week, and *tore* down stoops, swinging signs, door plates, &c. They were all arrested the next day, and put in jail, and then let out on bail to appear at Court of Sessions. Fined each $5, or ten days imprisonment. The theatre re-opened last Monday to "star" Mr. and Mrs. James Stark, of California and Australia celebrity; they opened in the "Lady of Lyons" to about twenty-five or thirty dollars; their houses have varied through the week from fifteen to twenty dollars. It is really a shame to our citizens not to turn out *en masse* and fill the house every night. Mr. and Mrs. Stark are two of the best actors we have had for many years. Albany is, as Mr. Forrest said some fifteen years ago, "the worst theatrical city in America, and he would never act there again;" thus far he has kept his word. The only comfortable and pleasing place of amusement is Leavitt's Opera House; with the low prices of admission, 10, 15, and 25 cents, it is barely paying expenses. Jerry Merrifield, the excellent low comedian, comic vocalist, and stage manager of the establishment, took his benefit on the 25th of last month; the house was filled in every part to overflowing. Jerry got up a funny "gag" bill of fare, just the thing to suit his friends, and as many as could get a taste of the dainties, came. Mlle Ernestine made her first appearance for Merrifield's benefit, and made a "*great hit*." She is a very graceful, handsome, and splendid danseuse; her figure and face remind me very much of the charming Madame Augusta; she has become an immense favorite, and is by far, in my opinion, the best young American danseuse now before the public. The Opera House has been supplied with new and comfortable seats, and many other improvements. Charley Kane, the Albanian's favorite comedian, has left the theatre, also Miss Leslie and Miss Minnie, and joined Leavitt's company; they play next week. Wyman, the magician, takes the theatre next week. More anon. Since writing the above, I have just learned that Mr Stark has refused to finish out the week, last night being his benefit. Receipts about $8. The theatre closes to night."

David R. Allen recently took a theatrical company to Savannah, Ga., but things not working satisfactory to David, he suddenly took to himself the wings of the morning, and flew away, no man knows whither. The members of the company threaten to squeeze David's wizzen if they can but lay hands on him.

Jerry Merrifield took a benefit in Albany on the 25th ult. The following is the "introduction," in his programme of the entertainment:—"A field of merri-ment in a Merri-field! for the benefit of Jerry Merrifield! The Bene-fish ery is a *Fish*-erman on a *small scale*, and trusts altogether to the merits of his own SCULL. He has plenty of STAR-fish and the SHOCK-fish are those of the first *water*. He throws out these *lines* for the purpose of making a haul of a few SHINERS. He makes no pro-CLAM-ation of affording good 'sport,' which he is not capable of maintaining, and he sincerely hopes that his friends will come forward by HOOK and CROOK and SHELL out on this particular occasion. N. B. SUCKERS not admitted."

Mr. H. Huntingdon, husband of Susan Denin, has joined Sanford's Minstrels, in Philadelphia, as banjo performer. Huntingdon is the man that gave the Buffalo lawyer "particular jesse," some time since, for sending amatory epistles to Miss Susan.

The Florences, who had been performing in Charleston, S. C., gave up a portion of the time for which they were engaged, in order to accommodate Mr. Marchant, who was desirous of presenting Maretzak's opera troupe to the notice of the public. The troupe commenced on the 2d.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthews were to appear at Washington, D. C. on the 8th. A report was circulated that Miss Lizzie would be the recipient of a demonstration not at all congenial to the taste of a well-bred lady. We have not learned, however, whether or not the extra performance took place.

Dick Sliter is still with Morris Brothers, Pell and Huntleys Minstrels, in Boston. This troupe is doing a fine business, their opera house being nightly filled.

Mr. Proctor's engagement at Wood's Theatre, St. Louis, terminated on the 6th. Joe is a favorite everywhere.

The Ravels are still at the Boston; Mrs. Farren, at the Museum, and the Barrow company at the Athenæum, in Boston. It is pull Dick, pull Devil, and the rivalry is really interesting. We hope all three establishments may make money, but we have our fears.

George Hutchinson was giving dramatic readings in Charleston, S. C., last week.

Mr. J. G. Hanley has been performing a round of characters of the melo-dramatic stamp at the Pittsburgh Theatre. Misses Lucille and Helen Weston, of Boston, are underlined. They are to produce the "Three Fast Men"—a Boston notion.

Miss Charlotte Cushman is at the Mobile Theatre; she commenced there on the 2d inst.

Miss Heron showed at Columbus, Ohio, last week.

Picco, the Sardinian minstrel, had returned to London, after a tour through Ireland. Picco's forte lies in playing on the penny whistle.

Mr. Couldock has been giving our law makers at Washington, a taste of his abilities in the *arts dramatique*. He closed on the 6th.

Mr. Hackett succeeded Mr. Murdock, at the Memphis Gaiety, last week.

Dan Rice has been unwell almost ever since his show appeared in Philadelphia. He has somewhat recovered, however, and made his *debut* on Monday evening last. Miss Sallie Stickney, a favorite equestrienne with Philadelphians, has been engaged by Mr. Rice, at the request of a committee of prominent citizens of that place.

Mr. George Jordan is working his way into favor at the Boston Athenæum, as is also John E. Owens.

At the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, a new national and local play has been brought out, which will no doubt create a sensation. It is called "The Declaration of Independence, or Philadelphia in the Olden Time," produced, as the manager tells us, "at a cost exceeding any previous dramatic representation in America." Mrs. Wallis, (Mad. Ponisi) and Susan Denin are now attached to the Arch. At the other house, Mrs. Bowers' Walnut Street, a new play by Morris Barnet, was performed for the first time. It bears the title of "Sara, the Creole; or, the Snake in the Grass." Mr. and Miss Richings, and Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway, are in the cast. Max Maretzek gives a season of opera at the Academy, commencing on Monday evening next. Max made so much money in Havana that he will charge less prices for admission to witness his troupe than were asked by the little Ullmann fellow.

Mrs. Harriet Reed, belonging to Wood's theatre in Cincinnati, was roughly shoved out of a house, by a constable named Ryan, on the 4th inst, for which he received the following talking to and sentence from the Judge before whom the case was brought:—"If you," said the Judge, addressing Ryan, "had possessed a particle of good breeding or common sense you would not have been guilty of this conduct. We shall make an example of you. We sentence you to be confined in the dungeon for five days, to be fed on bread and water only, and hope the punishment will teach you to act with some sense and decency hereafter when your official business takes you among ladies." Pretty boy.

Sanford's opera troupe, in Philadelphia, have been doing a snug business, with their capital burlesque on Cinderella. It will be continued during the present week.

J. B. Addis is getting together a company with which to open the Trenton theatre, which he has leased.

Eliza Logan was detained at Savannah in consequence of the death of her mother, who has ever been her travelling companion and attendant.

Our friends in Wilmington, Del., are beginning to appreciate popular amusements, and manage now to support two concert saloons. One, the Melodeon, of which Hood and Phil. Gannon are the managers, have a pretty fair company of singers and dancers, comprising Miss Ada Hunter, Miss Fisher, Phil. Gannon, Bob Shepperd, Wm. Harris, Clint Waterman, Ned Chapman, Jim Cummins, John Worth, Ned Veazey, and Harry Haddock. The other establishment is of lesser note, and is known as "Shell's Varieties." J. H. Myers is the comic vocalist; Miss Shell, Johnson, and the veritable Shell himself, are the other performers. Wonder if the boss is one of the hard shells.

The "Old Folks," finding the climate of Philadelphia agreeable to their financial concerns, have returned to that city, and are now giving concerts there.

THE GAME CHICKEN.—In this issue we commence the publication of the life and battles of one of the bravest men that ever entered the Prize Ring—Henry Pierce, better known as the Game Chicken. The history will be completed in four or five numbers, and as it can be had in no other form, we advise our friends to procure copies of the CLIPPER at an early day.

CHAPPED HANDS.—Look out for chapped hands and faces about these times, for the weather we are having at present is just the kind to produce such afflictions. However, if a little precaution is used, no one need suffer from such ills. Try Dr. Gouraud's Celebrated Italian Medicated Soap, and chaps, chafes, and all kindred affections will vanish like chaff before the wind—this Soap both removes and prevents chaps, etc. The general satisfaction given by the Doctor's Hair Dye is sufficient guarantee of its efficacy. Poudres Subtile will eradicate all superfluous hair, and Liquid Rouge will give a beautiful tint to the complexion. The above may be had of Dr. Gouraud, No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway; also of T. R. Callendar, No. 88 South Third street, Philadelphia; and of J. B. Bates, No. 129 Washington street, Boston.

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The CLIPPER and *Bell's Life* kept on file. 3 mos.-36

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MIRACULOUS POWER OVER THE HORSE,
AS PERFORMED BEFORE QUEEN VICTORIA, PRINCE ALBERT, and all the Royal Family, at Windsor Castle, England, in January, 1858, by Mr. Raney, an American. To any person desirous of having that noble animal, the Horse, brought under his entire control, the same as Mr. Raney subdues him, MR. JOHN CHAPMAN, Veterinary Surgeon, Boston, Mass, will, on receiving Five Dollars, inclosed with name and address of any person, either in the United States or the British Provinces, send full directions in a printed form, which cannot fail to have the desired effect over any horse, and you can make him do the same feats as Mr. Raney is now charging ten pounds a lesson for in England. Mr. Chapman wishes to state that he himself paid twenty pounds for the instructions to an Arab in the employ of Omar Pacha, Commander-in Chief of the Turkish forces at Constantinople, while he himself was in the service of the British Ambassador at that place, having charge of his stables. Address JOHN CHAPMAN, Veterinary Surgeon, Boston Post Office, Mass.
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ALICE HAWTHORN.

ALICE HAWTHORN was bred by her present owner, Mr. Chrinside, and is by Delapre, (imported,) out of a half-bred Arab mare; pedigree unknown; she is a grey mare, with the point of her tail silver, stands 15 hands 1 inch high, long-backed, short-legged, short but arched neck, clear bright eye, rather prominent, short Arab-like head, deep brisket, fine shoulder and high wither, flat back, long thighs and gaskins, short but strong quarters.

Alice did not commence her racing career till she was seven years old. We abridge the following account of her performances from the letter of a correspondent to *Bell's Life in Victoria*, who signs himself MELVILLE:

"Alice, when put into training, and after a short preparation, proceeded to the Grange, where she ran four races during the meeting, winning them all, and beating Crockford, Sir Robert, and several more good horses of that district. She was afterwards taken to the Port Fairy Races, out of condition, and she here suffered defeat. During the same season, at Geelong, she was beaten in three races, including the Consolation Stakes.

"At Ballarat, in Dec., 1856, she was again brought into the field to contend for honors against some of the crack horses of the colony, with the following results: On the first day, she won the Town Plate, carrying 10st. 11lb., three miles, beating Sampson, Camel, Liberty, &c., by at least 200 yards. On the second day, she was beaten in the Creswick Creek Cup, mile and a half heats, by Hotspur, in four heats. Haphazard and Sampson also ran; the former won the first heat, and the latter ran last throughout.

"In February, of the present year, at the Jockey Club Races, on the first day, she won the City Plate, carrying 10st. 11lb., three miles. On the next day, Alice won the Jockey Club Cup, welter weights, 11st. 11lb., two miles. On the third day, she won the Great Australian Sweepstakes, 10st. 11lb., three miles.

"At Geelong, in the early part of March, she won the Free Handicap, with 21lbs. penalty on her, and won it, too, by three-fourths of a distance. Alice also won the Western Turf Club Cup, welter weights, 12st. 7lbs., two miles and a half; and on the following day she carried off the Publicans' Purse, 10st. 11lb., two heats of two miles each.

"At Melbourne, in the latter end of the same month, Alice was beaten by Crockford and Woodpecker for the Queen's Guineas.

"On the third day she won the Turf Club Cup in a trot, 12st. 7lbs., three miles. The next day she won the Great Sweepstakes, carrying 10st. 7lbs., three miles, hard held, by twenty lengths.

"In the middle of April again, at Ballarat, she retrieved the only lost laurels of the season, by beating her old opponent, Crockford, (who broke down,) in the Publicans' Purse, 10st. 11lb. two miles."

ALICE HAWTHORN, THE RIVAL CHAMPION.

LIFE AND BATTLES OF HENRY PEARCE,

SCIENTIFICALLY DENOMINATED

THE GAME CHICKEN,

(THE BROUGHTON OF HIS TIME,)

And one of the most heroic and humane CHAMPIONS OF ENGLAND, who not only added fresh laurels to the title, but never *lost* that distinguished appellation, till it was wrested from him by that Conqueror of Conquerors—Death!

"There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold: thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues: nor Nature never lends
The smallest sample of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty Goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use."

NATURE, to some of her favorites, has been peculiarly bountiful in the distribution of her favors; uniting health, strength, and symmetry of form to grace the person of one individual, and also in adding those fine requisites to render the system complete in all its parts, that have made her works so transcendently beautiful and towering, over all the attempts of Art. To her, man is indebted for those sensibilities which outvalue mines of wealth, and likewise for the performance of those heroic actions which stamp him—GREAT.

Nature, too, sportive in her mood, has rendered the peasant, in obeying her dictates, content and happy upon his bed of straw; while the mighty and powerful monarch, enjoying all the meretricious blandishments of Art, has been seen restless and uneasy upon his downy couch. And also in giving feeling and understanding to the most obscure individuals, has rendered them prominent and interesting members of society, in spite of those *soi-disant* refined critics, who have in vain attempted to oppose the law of Nature.

It might be said of the Game Chicken, that he was not only a favorite, but a pupil of the above Deity—and who, in giving him a fine athletic form, strength, wind, and agility, had finely tempered those rare requisites with the most manly courage and sublime feeling. If ever greatness of soul raised the character of man, or humanity shone resplendent in the breast of a human being—a purer claim to those inestimable qualities was never witnessed, than that of Henry Pearce.

His pretensions as a pugilist stand upon a proud eminence, that few, indeed, can ever expect to attain. In possessing a thorough knowledge of the science he was equal, if not superior, to all his competitors; and supported with strength almost Herculean, that enabled him either to receive the attacks of his adversary with the most steady composure, or put in his hits with giant-like force. His wind so truly excellent, that in all his battles he was scarcely ever seen much distressed; and for game or bottom unquestionably unrivalled, that his noble and daring spirit never drooped to cry enough! He had fought with men who ranked high as pugilistic heroes—and whose superior strength, gluttony, and experience, had rendered them truly formidable in the boxing list of candidates for fame. Burke, whose ferocity and inordinate gluttony were not satisfied with four desperate millings from the potent arm of the renowned Belcher, entered the lists with the Chicken, and in two dreadful combats, was completely served out by the all-conquering Pearce, and carried away almost lifeless from the scene of action. Elias Spray, the coppersmith, whose reputation stood high as an experienced and bottom pugilist, and who was a most powerful man, and had gained several good battles; yet, when in competition with the Chicken, was rendered truly insignificant. Cart, of Birmingham, (a second Perrins,) who had vanquished several prime milling coves, was in the hands of Pearce a mere plaything; and while the Chicken showed scarcely any traces of the conflict, Cart miserably portrayed his want of judgment, and exhibited severe punishment. By the above victories Pearce had arrived at the very acme of perfection as a pugilist—his science was generally acknowledged as pre-eminent, and he now took the elevated seat, surrounded with glory, as the brave and noble Champion of England. But he had not yet done enough to satisfy the sporting world that his claim to that proud title was indisputable—and he had again to enter the ring to evince further greatness, and more strongly to consolidate his fame and honor.

It is true that Pearce had completely disposed of Burke, Spray, and Cart—but now, a Hero of no common stamp presented himself as a candidate for the dazzling prize—his townsman and his friend. But in the thirst for glory all distinctions are banished. In throwing down the gauntlet, his pretensions to pugilism were considered so excellent, that any eulogium here is perfectly unnecessary. On these boxers meeting, as might be expected, finer skill, greater courage, more thorough bottom and general manliness, were never exhibited; and the Champion, in receiving an additional brilliant to grace his cap, did not overlook his brave but fallen competitor, by generously acknowledging—"that he was the only man who had ever stood up to him, and that it was with some difficulty he now stood upon his legs." Gulley, although in defeat, had exalted his fame; and the Champion, in again ascending the chair, added additional dignity and lustre to the seat. But now, (not altogether unlike Julius Cæsar, in receiving the unkind stab from his beloved Brutus,)—arriving at the very pinnacle of his greatness, flattering himself with peace and tranquility, his mind was disturbed by his dearest friend, his patron, and his tutor, who had drawn him from obscurity. One who had also been endeavoring to promote and establish his greatness in public life. But, it is said, that growing jealous of his pupil's excellence and distinguished reputation, and not being content at enjoying his well and hard-earned laurels in peace and retirement, Jem, in an irritable moment, when envy triumphed over reason, dared his pupil to the combat. This might be termed not only an unkind but an unnatural challenge. Two sworn and almost inseparable friends. The Chicken received the invitation with serious concern. Fear never entered his noble heart; and though a professed pugilist, yet he was not insensible to the afflicting circumstance of beating the man to whom he stood indebted for his eminence, his reputation, and everything he possessed in life. His manly nature grieved at being thus situated. Reflection only made it worse; yet the calls of honor now rose superior to any other consideration, and nothing, but to support his darling fame, could have induced him to commence this forced set-to.

"Oh heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fill him with faults."

The battle was truly desperate; and the display of science unprecedented in the annals of pugilism. If ever there was a contest in which nobleness of soul and generosity of disposition were exemplified, the Game Chicken manifested it before thousands, in the twelfth round. When Pearce threw Belcher upon the rope, and while his body was balancing in that unprotected, yet fair situation, the Chicken had an opportunity of ending the fight, by one of his tremendous blows, but his generous mind spurned the committal of a deed that would have grieved his soul, and putting himself in an attitude to convince the spectators of the obvious chance that presented itself, and looking round the ring, pathetically exclaimed—"I'll take no advantage of thee, Jem; I'll not hit thee, no, lest I hurt thine other eye!" In the sixteenth round, to his memory be it also recorded, he pursued the same magnanimous line of conduct. The audience were lost in admiration—and my Uncle Toby never uttered a finer sentiment, or performed a nobler act more worthy of registering. While the sensibilities of our nature are awakened, by those delicate touches of the art, to respect and veneration for an imaginary personage—never let it be said, by that mind who has strength enough to admire heroism and virtue wherever it comes across him, that reality shall be passed over with silent neglect; or that the deeds even of a pugilist, when they are praiseworthy and laudable of imitation, shall not have justice done to them. Men of honor, here is a circumstance worthy of your notice—sentimentalists, improve upon it, if ye can, and place it in a more conspicuous point of view—but pugilists, never let it be forgotten, even when the fight rages desperate, and an advantage should present itself (like the above,) recollect that the brightest gem in your character, is humanity—then will ye remember Henry Pearce.

The Chicken had now proved himself a thoroughbred Game Cock, and the walk might fairly be said all his own! But a keeper of game, who had been dazzled with the superior qualities of this Chicken, felt a wish to become his master—but could not *af*-Ford to produce the ingredients to get him into his possession. It, perhaps, was a fortunate circumstance for him, that he could not post the blunt, as there is but little doubt he would have soon proved blind to his own interest.

Harry Pearce, unhappily, like too many of his predecessors of pugilistic notoriety, foundered upon the same rock of destruction upon which they had split. Examples, advice, or lessons, it should seem, all lose their effect upon persons when in the bloom of youth, health, and vigor, and who laugh at the idea of incurring any serious consequences from intemperance, till they feelingly find it out themselves, and then it is generally too late to be remedied. The Chicken, it appears, during his residence in the metropolis, had made rather too free with his constitution; yet we have authority for observing, that it orignated more from circumstances and place, than sheer inclination. In company with sporting men frequently, he poured down copious libations at the shrine of Bacchus, added to the fond caresses of the softer sex, among whom he was a most distinguished favorite. His health became impaired, and he retired to his native place, to enjoy peace and the comforts of domesticated life; and by the advice of the friends, immediately relinquished the profession of pugilist for that of a victualler.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SQUIRREL DINNER.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Cincinnati Times gives the following sketch of a dinner got up in that vicinity some years ago: In the year 1822, I think, Major B. built his steamboat, Yaller Boy, up in the woods, about 160 miles from here. The country was new, sparsely settled, and living hard. Papaws and persimmons were *skase*, hence the opposum *crap*, that season, a perfect failure. Good eating, German, Yankee, and French cookery were discussed frequently.

Once a Pennsylvania Dutch farmer took part. The old man Waugh, (for that was his name,) belonged to the Methodist church, and living near a mile off, he very politely invited me to his house to dine, promising me a sample of Dutch cookery. Of course I did not refuse, and with a well-whetted appetite was prompt and up to time. The table set, dishes full and smoking hot—'taters, turnips and chicken odor—down we sat, "Fadder" Waugh, "Frow" Betsey, and myself, the guest. The old man, as was his usual custom, asked a blessing, and to work we went. The old man told me he was fond of squirrel, and prided in its cookery. He cut *one* in two, and helped me to half, taking the other half himself. After eating heartily, he asked me how I liked the cooking of the little *animal*. I told him it was good, fat, and cooked elegantly, and that I was always partial to young squirrels.

"Dat ish no squirrel at all," said he, "*dat ish a polecat!*"

"That's all right," said I, shyly, "but I don't smell polecat; how do you fix it?"

The old man then explained how he extracted and prevented the smell, telling me that it was a favorite dish with him, &c. I told him that was all right, too, but notwithstanding I had been brought up amongst Christians, this was the first time in my life I had heard a blessing asked over a d——d skunk. So you see I was Germanized long, long ago.

Yours, R.

A HARD WITNESS.

THE following dialogue, which occurred several years ago between a lawyer and a witness, in a justice court, not a great many thousand miles from this place, is worth relating:

It seems that Mr. Jones loaned Mr. Smith a horse, which died while in his (Smith's) possession. Mr. Jones brought suit to recover the value of the horse, attributing his death to bad treatment. During the course of the trial, a witness (Mr. Brown) was called to the stand to testify as to how Mr. Smith treated horses.

Lawyer—(With a bland and confidence-invoking smile)—"Well, sir, how does Mr. Smith generally ride a horse?"

Witness—(With a very merry twinkle in his eye, otherwise imperturable)—"Astradle, I believe, sir."

Lawyer—(With a scarcely-perceptible flush of vexation upon his cheek, but still speaking in his smoothest tones)—"But, sir, what gait does he ride?"

Witness—"He never rides any gate, sir. His boys ride all the gates."

Lawyer—(His bland smile gone and his voice slightly husky)—"But how does he ride when in company with others?"

Witness—"Keeps up, if his horse is able, if not, he goes behind."

Lawyer—(Triumphantly, and in a perfect fury,)—"How does he ride when alone, sir?"

Witness—"Don't know—never was with him when he was alone."

Lawyer—"I have done with you, sir."

EUCHRE—GOING ALONE.—At a euchre party, an evening or two ago, one of the members indulged pretty freely in milk with whiskey in it. Rising from the table, his legs failed him, and he stumbled headlong into the lap of a spectator.

"Shall I *assist* you?" said his friend, commiserating his pitiable condition.

"No," said he, as a tremendous gulp relieved him of at least a half-pint of undigested punch, "hic—no—I'll—hic—*I'll play it alone!*"

SECRETS OF THE AMERICAN HORSE-TAMER.

THE Buffalo Advertiser intimates that it is cognizant of the peculiar secret possessed by Mr. Rarey, the celebrated horse-tamer, now in England, and employed so successfully by him in subjugating the most vicious and unruly of the equine species. The principle, it is thought, is doubtless the same as that now in use by horse-breeders and horse-trainers in various parts of the country, and consists mainly in kind treatment, in subduing the fears of the animal, and accustoming him to unusual noises and objects. But there are other influences, somewhat of a mesmeric character, and employed as adjuncts, that go to ensure the more complete success of the horse-tamer, such as caresses, the use of drugs agreeable to the horse, scratching in parts not easily reached by the animal itself, giving food or water after long abstinence has occasioned hunger or thirst, the careful use of various tones of the human voice, &c.

The chief secret, however, according to the Advertiser, which paper has the authority for its statement from those who understand and practice the art, consists in raising one of the fore feet of the horse, doubling the knee, and keeping a strap around the fetlock, fastening the foot close to the arm or shoulder. The horse then stands upon three legs. Having next put on a surcingle, pass a long strap or rein through the surcingle, and fastening one end of it around the fetlock of the other fore foot, attach the other to the surcingle after the animal is thrown, so closely as to deprive it of the use of the limb. In this item the treatment may be varied by fastening the second fetlock to the arm or shoulder after the animal is down.

This plan, says the Advertiser, is successfully pursued by many skilful horse-breakers in Western New York, and the horse yields to the necessities of the case; his spirit of opposition is broken.

A COUNTRY LAWYER ON HAND FOR HIS CITY FRIEND.

FIVE and twenty years ago, when the Western region was sparsely settled—when the country bar-room was the place of common resort, and before those old fashioned bar-room stories and songs had yielded to the gossip now generally heard in every drinking saloon, there was a certain set of good humored, free-and-easy individuals whose custom it was to "forgather at the inn" of old ——, in Ellicottville, Cattaraugus County. Conspicuous among this set was Counsellor G——, whose rough yet ready wit has spread his fame abroad throughout all that region of country. Another member was a gentleman whom we will call X——

These, with others, whiled away many a winter evening, telling stories, smoking the pipe, quaffing mugs of hot flip, a "fluid" now almost forgotten.

But time separated this jolly company, as it does others, and the subsequent history of the Counsellor and worthy Mr. X. was as diverse as their fortunes. G—— plodded on with his "capiases" at Ellicottville. X—— in due time became engaged in respectable duties here.

Legal business, at distant intervals, called the lawyer to Buffalo, and he was, of course, glad to see his old friend, but X——, engrossed in business, or for reasons of his own, had not much time to talk over old times, and without intending it, probably, gave him the cold shoulder. The man of law noted this indifference, and possessing in wit what the other did in rhino—determined to ascertain whether X—— really meant to cut him or not. Meeting him in the street next day, he said—

"X——, my old friend, how d'do?"

"Well, very well, how are you?"

"I say, X——, I've noticed several times lately, that you have rather avoided me than otherwise, and I ain't going to stand any such gammon."

"Why, what—"

"We used to be mighty good friends up in Ellicottville, and I don't know why we should not be here."

"But, my dear, sir—"

"Oh, it's no use talking; just go in here, now, and treat as you used to."

"Why, I've just had my breakfast, and don't want anything; besides I'm in a hurry to get to my business; but I'll treat you, if you want me to."

"Well, let's go in."

And they entered a small "one horse grocery," where the "cheap and nasty" was dealt out by the small. X—— gave a nod to the "mixer" behind the bar, and said—

"Just give my friend here some beer and what crackers and cheese he wants, and charge it to me!" Turning to G——, he remarked, "you must excuse me now, I've a great many things to attend to, and can't stay here any longer;" after which he left.

"Well, if that isn't cool," says G——, "then I'm no judge."

Having dispassionately imbibed his beer, he stopped a minute or two to consider.

"I say, bar-keeper!"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you got plenty of crackers and cheese?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much will the cheese weigh?"

"About sixty pounds a piece."

"Full sixty?"

"Sixty, and no mistake."

"Well, just send over to the Farmer's Hotel, where I stop, four of those cheese, and three barrels of crackers, and charge them to Mr. X——, will you? You heard him say I was to have what crackers and cheese I wanted."

"Yes, sir."

"And send them down soon, because I expect my team'll be there in a little time, and I shall want them all ready."

"Certainly, sir."

The four cheese and three barrels of crackers were sent down, and in due course of time Mr. X—— was presented a bill for the same, which he paid, confessing at the same time that although rather expensive, the joke was, nevertheless, a good one. He never afterwards gave the cold shoulder to Counsellor G——.

"A BORROWED horse and your own spurs make short miles," is a Danish rendering of a rather universal practice.

THE virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude.

LEVITY is often less foolish, and gravity less wise than each of them appears.